

RATERS

Volume 1 Issue 1

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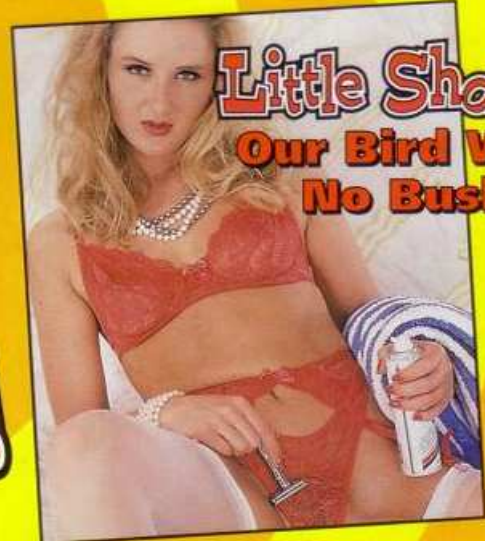
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Volume 1
Issue 1

RAVERS

ISSN 1356-8132



WIN
Joanna's
Lolly!
Page 40



A pair
of Ravers
get their jugs
out to get a
round in!
Page 12



Aussie
scrubbers
come clean!
Page 34



Tail
End
Wendy!
Page 83

- 4** Rave On!
The rudest read in the world!
- 7** Sandrine
Photographs by Ralph John
- 10** Out & About
Your wife in the field of her choice!
- 12** The Bang Gang
Our girls strip off - anywhere they want!
- 18** Match The Mamms Competition
Win some huge sex aids!
- 21** Meena
Photographs by Bengt Gronkvist
- 26** Up The Workers!
Our Ravers hit some poor bloke's work!
- 34** What A Load Of Scrubbers!
Aussie Ravers get 'em off
- 38** Sticky Moments
The best laid plans...
- 40** Linda
A Scottish lass gets her kilt off!
- 45** Ha Ha Ha!!!
Rip roaringly funny funnies
- 46** Joanne
Photographs by Mel Guiver
- 54** Sally
Photos by Paula Markham
- 58** The Erogenous Zone
Lubricating fluids and mucous membranes
- 62** Little Shavers-Charlie
One Raver, no pubes
- 66** Stark Ravers
Oi! Isn't that your missus?!!!
- 71** The Bang Gang
Five birds with sand everywhere
- 78** Fashion Patrol
Probably the funniest cartoon ever?!!!
- 80** Stark Ravers Part 2
Hang on, that's MY Missus!!!
- 84** Dear Delilah
Tell her your dirtiest stories
- 89** Hob Knobs
Top bird Charmaine get her bits out at Ascot
- 95** Tail Ends
Bendy Wendy's tail endy

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Rave On!

You did what? With how many people? Well don't just tell us about it, share it with the rest of our readers! Send us your naughtiest tales and we'll print them. What's more, if you send in rude pictures to go with them, then we'll pay you £25 for every one we use, so get scribbling and snapping, and send your results to: Rave On!, Ravers, Galaxy Publications Ltd., PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.

Flashing Fun

Whilst on holiday I felt an urge to be daring and slightly exhibitionist.

It started whilst we were on the beach. I was wearing what was apparently a modest one piece swimming costume, with a plunging neckline which showed my good cleavage to advantage, and the top could be adjusted so as to vary the amount of cleavage being shown.

Feeling in a randy mood, I adjusted my strap so that the maximum amount of cleavage showed and, when I leaned over sideways, the cleavage increased to the extent that my somewhat large aureola came into view. I pretended not to notice this,

although I did notice that my husband was being particularly attentive.

That evening we decided that we should go out for a walk and I saw that as my opportunity to go even further. So I disappeared upstairs, ostensibly to put on my make-up, but I hurriedly changed my top to a thin cream coloured polo shirt, my skimpiest knickers, and a plain cotton skirt with high heeled sandals. To maintain an element of surprise, and as a safety measure in case I 'chickened out', I put on a cardigan.

We drove back to the beach, parked the car on the promenade and got out to walk the promenade. It was a pleasant sunny evening, so I took off my cardigan and put it in the car, thus cutting off any escape.

As we walked along, I was conscious of the fact that my nipples were erect and straining at the thin material of my blouse. What

I didn't realise - until my



husband told me - was that although the top was not actually see-through, it was possible to discern the darkness of my nipples and aureola. I was quite turned on by the whole experi-

ence, and when we went back to our hotel we made love for most of the night.

This was the start of my going bra-less. Since then, I have never worn a bra if we have gone to the seaside, and rarely if we go away to another town. On one occasion, we were in the tea room of a department store and my husband was sitting to the side and whispered to me that my blouse was gaping and the side of my breast was visible, as well as the fact that the thin material was clinging and my nipples were sticking out.

I then decided to be even more daring, and went to the ladies' fashion department and asked to try on a fine, white silk blouse. The assistant showed me into the communal changing room, and I casually stripped to the waist to try it on in the presence of the assistant and the other customers, making the casual remark that I hoped no-one would notice that I was not wearing a bra. When I went outside to show the blouse to my husband, I made the point of posing for him, and more than one customer and her escort noticed.

My most daring escapade, however, occurred by accident when my husband and I went away for a weekend conference to an hotel which boasted a swimming pool and other leisure facilities. I have always been a keen swimmer, and decided that I would like to swim before breakfast. At the pool I went into the ladies' changing room and found that the changing facilities consisted of individual cubicles, but they did not have doors or curtains. There were about a half dozen others in the pool, both men and women, and after about 20 minutes, I got out and went back into the cubicle to change.

I dried my face, arms and legs and then stripped off my costume to dry the rest of my body, stand-

I bet you wondered if we made these letters up for our first issue, didn't you? Well we didn't, we just plucked them from our sister mag, Fiestal!

ing sideways to the open side of the cubicle and facing the seat on the side, carefully drying my breasts and pussy.

I was startled by a sudden and urgent female voice saying, "Excuse me?" I turned round and the woman pointed out to me a sign above the entrance to the cubicle that read: 'Earlybirds beware! The male cleaners do not finish work until 8am!' The woman then pointed out the cleaner standing in the other end of the changing room, apparently just getting on with his work.

I hastily wrapped my towel around myself and waited for the cleaner to depart before finishing dressing, but from the sickly grin he gave as he passed my cubicle, I suspected that he had not been completely attentive to his work throughout his time in the changing room. I was just glad that flashing wasn't a new experience to me! I asked my new-found friend what had been visible, and she told me that because I had been standing side on, the whole

of my right breast and nipple had been visible and my pubic hair, as well, of course, as my bottom.

The following day, although I made a point of checking for the presence of cleaners and not stripping off completely, I nonetheless took the risk of baring my breasts and drying them before putting on my sweatshirt.

To date that is my most daring experience, although I continue to go bra-less when away from home and I await further opportunity to continue my moderate flashing activities.

Rachel, Mid Glamorgan.

Horny Home Movie

My boyfriend is working in Australia on a three year contract and only comes home twice a year. He tells me your magazine is widely read down under. We are both very sexy people and find it very difficult to go six months without sex, so we made

a pact that we both could choose 'stand in' lovers provided we kept no secrets from each other. When Tom was home in June, we were invited to his mate's house for a small, informal going away present. His mate Bob



waving like flag poles. Bob and Julie began fucking while Tom took a couple of close-ups. I'd never seen a couple fucking (live) before, and I felt very horny. Bob took some of Tom and I, not fucking,

and his wife Julie turned out to be as raunchy as Tom and I, and we had a super weekend.

We'd all had a lot to drink, and Julie showed us some of their private collection of naughty photographs, and were they naughty! Tom said he wished he had some of me, so Bob produced a polaroid camera and said, "Why waste time?" Julie cried: "Come on

Pam, get your tits out. I'll get mine out," which she did, leaving me no options. Well, before long it was down to panties, suspenders and stockings, and then naked. The men stripped too, and we took shots of them, their cocks

but one with Tom's fingers up my cunt and one of me, sucking his impressive cock.

The next morning I must admit I felt guilty, but Julie brushed it aside, saying, "It's only fun."

Tom flew off to Adelaide and we were apart once more. About a week later he rang as usual, and told me he'd been to bed with an Australian girl, and asked me

CRAP SHAG CORNER

Ever had one of those nights when nothing went right? Where your old man popped his wad before he was even halfway out of your trousers? Or where you were so drunk you ended up shagging the pillow thinking it was her? Or how about the time you couldn't get it up and she ended up using the remote control from the video recorder instead?

Then why not earn yourself a huge £50 by telling us about it? That's right, we want you to share your worst ever erotic failure with us. We promise not to print your name and address with it unless we're feeling particularly shitty that day. Your letters should be no more than 1000 words long, and we reserve the right to edit it and make you sound like a right wet lettuce if you come out of it too well! Send your entries to: CSC, Ravers, Galaxy Publications Ltd., PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.



Rave On!

had I scored? Then, to my surprise, he said he'd spoken to Bob and Bob had told him he'd love to take some more photos of me for Tom and he'd agreed. Tom begged me, "Come on Pam, wouldn't it be great? You've got better tits than Julie."

I didn't say yes, but I didn't say no. Soon after, Bob popped over one evening, and I have to admit, I fancied him. He told me

he developed and printed his own colour photos, so nobody would be the wiser. At that, he showed me some samples he'd taken of Julie, from innocent, topless shots to progressively stronger stuff. Vibrators, dildos, open-flap, with come on her tits and belly. I was wet between my legs, and Bob carried on explaining how he'd come on Saturday and set it up, as Julie was going to Malta

with her sister.

In bed that evening I must have tossed myself off silly. On the Saturday morning I practiced posing; in erotic undies and naked. I trimmed my pussy, and finished up with my crack hairless, just a small triangle on my mound, knowing Tom loved to see me like that. To keep up courage I had a few vodka/tonics. Bob arrived and set up his lights, backdrops etc. It was hot, and he was stripped to white shorts. To my surprise, he set up a camcorder, too.

"What's that for?" I giggled. "You'll see," Bob carried on.

Come the big moment, I posed in bra, pants, sussies and stockings, then off came the bra. I am a 38C, and Bob made me stick them out. "Do something with

them lovely nipples," he barked. I rubbed them until they stood out. "Wet them," he added, then came over and kissed them. "Bob!" I



cried. "Best way to do it," he laughed, "and I enjoyed it." There then followed shots of me undressing until all I had on were my panties. "Pull 'em out

CONTINUED
ON PAGE
24


FOOD FRENZY

Show Us Your Cake Hole!

Go on, mother, get your utensils out for the lads! Ah, there's nothing like opening up the Old Mother Hubbard and smothering yourself with whatever foodstuffs are handy. Personally, I reckon condensed milk and lemon curd smeared all over some of our Ravers' pussies and paps would make a damn fine spunkfest, but then I'm just a sick, demented pervert. This month, we've got a pair of crumpet strumpets covered in cake to whet your appetites. If you can work out which one of the girls pictured here kept a maraschino cherry in her fanny for the whole day before sticking it on a bun and giving it to our Ed in Chief, you get to eat it! Of course, it's a bit stale after all this time.

If you have a favourite food that you'd like to see over a favourite body part, then drop the Ed a line and we'll get it on film! Send your suggestions to: Food Frenzy, Ravers, Galaxy Publications Ltd., PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.





Photographed by **Ralph John**

Sandrine

Sexy French porn star Sandrine jumped at the chance to open our first issue of Ravers. And believe me, having seen a few of her performances on tape, I can't think of anyone who's more worthy of being called a Raver than her! Over the next 93 pages, you'll discover just how horny one magazine can be. If we don't give you a stonker, then we want to know why, and we'll even print your letters of complaint, so that our other readers get a chance to disagree with you! Let us know what you think; if you want more of something, then tell us!

Send your letters to:

**Rave On!, Ravers,
Galaxy Publications Ltd.,
PO Box 312,
Witham,
Essex, CM8 3SZ.**



RAVERS

Sandrine



OUT & ABOUT



Bee of Essex



Go wild in the country! So what if it's a bit parky out, it'll certainly make your nips stick out! This is where we showcase some of our more adventurous wives. If your missus fancies standing in a field and showing off her beauty spots, then this is the place to send 'em! In the garden, the street, fields, shopping centres, the Houses of Parliament, National Parks, National Galleries; we'll print them all, and pay you £25 for each one published into the bargain. Now you can't say fairer than that, can you? Get your saucy snaps in an envelope and send them to: Out & About, Ravers, Galaxy Publications Ltd., PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.

Want to see more wives? Then turn to page 66 right now!



Sharon of Oxon

Helen of Leeds



The Bang Gang

Welcome to Ravers, and welcome to 'The Bang Gang'! Every month, we'll be sending a bunch of Ravers out and about to flash their tits and fannies at all and sundry.

This month, Jane and Ellen nipped down to our local to plonk their pussies on the counter and show the bar staff that there's more than one way of whipping up a cocktail!

Any comments about a slow, comfortable screw against the wall were met with the ultimate threat: a visit from our 'Up The Workers' team! Like the Bangers, these girls will go anywhere at any time, whether you work in a garage or an office, and there's no way you'll be able to get 'em to keep their clothes on! Don't believe me? Then check out the poor geezers on page 26! And if you want the Up The Workers crew to come round and drop their knickers for you, drop us a line and let us know! Just remember to keep looking over your shoulder, though! If you'd rather keep your current woman sweet – and that's not going to happen if she clocks a shot of you with a Raver round your neck – then have a look at our contest on page 18. You could win her some gobsmackingly realistic sex aids in our Match The Mamms compy! In the meantime, I'll leave it to Jane and Ellen to give you a taste of Ravers. Mine's a large one, ladies... (Is it bollocks! – Ed).









Photographed by **Duncan Bisquit**





RAVERS

The Bang Gang

Photographed by Bengt Gronkvist

Meena

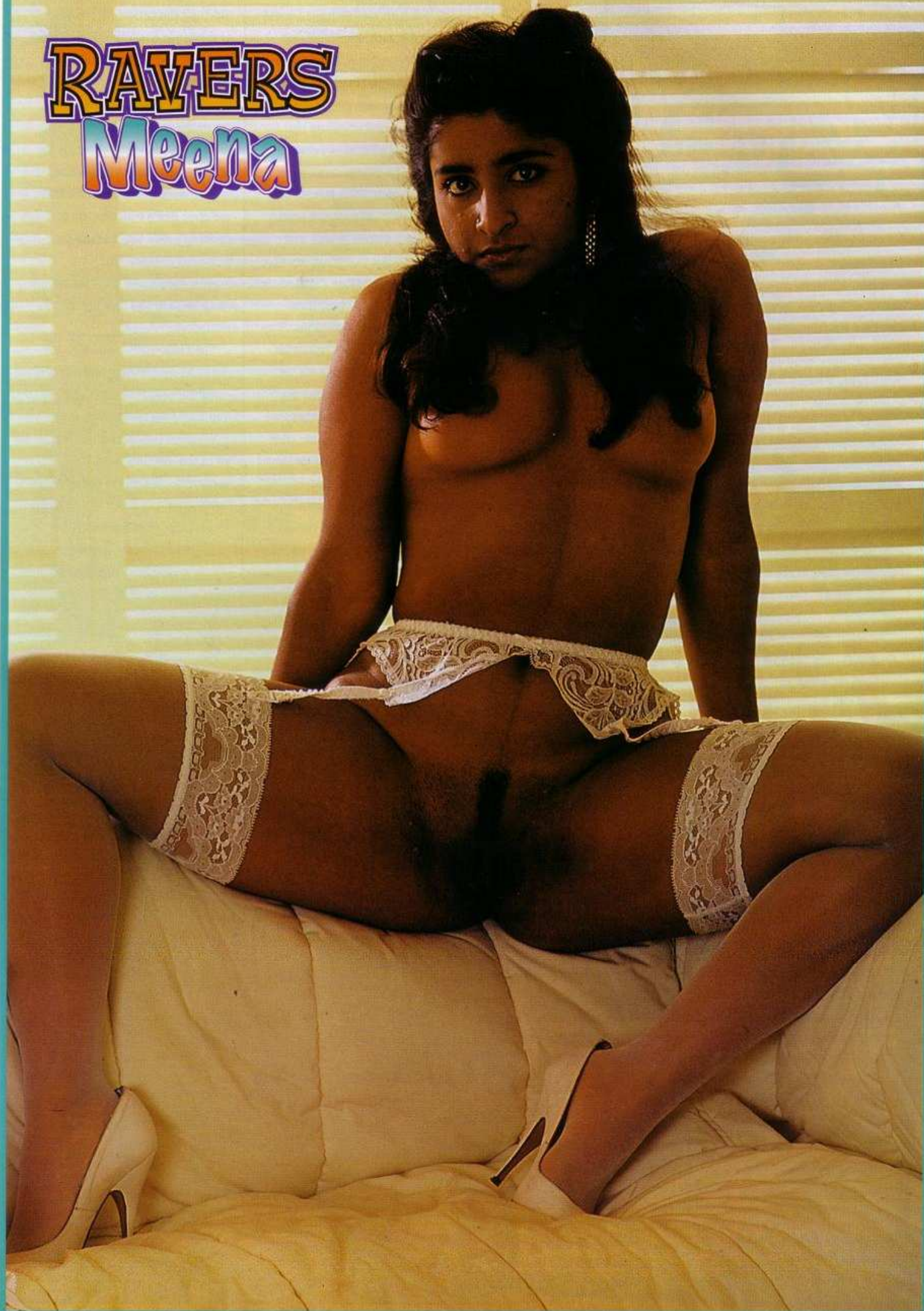


Helluva name, helluva guy. Old Bengt kind of specialises in rooting out tasty tottie for us, and you'll be seeing his name a lot over the coming months. This time round, he popped off to meet Meena, a sexy Asian babe down at her flat. It's always nice to see a naked cutie peel off her knickers at her place, before ripping her kit off in a studio. Especially when she's as tasty as Meena!



RAVERS

Meena





one side, flash the furry fanny!" he called out. Tentatively, I drew them aside. "Fuck me," Bob breathed, "now that's some pretty fanny. More... come on." I dropped them, feeling incredibly horny. "That's it, wider... yes. Hold it open... gorgeous. Now, play with your clit," he urged. I felt I was going to come. Bob thrust a vibrator at me. "Come on... show Bob know how to use it." Shit... I threw caution to the wind. Buzz... buzz buzz... and I came, slip-

ping onto the rug.

"Fucking fantastic," he said, standing over me. If ever I needed a fuck, it was at that moment. Bob stood over me, his cock bulging. Slowly, he dropped his shorts and pulled off his briefs. His cock looked massive. He knelt, parting my legs, kissing my smooth cunt and licking my clit. I got hold of his knob and guided it in, inch by inch, and I held his balls. Bob was in no hurry. He drove deep, then pulled almost

out; my cunt was so juicy I could hear it squeal. I wrapped my thighs around him, he speeded up and I came, making loud groans. Surprisingly, Bob pulled out without coming and edged up my body, putting his cock between my tits. The expression on his face was a treat. He jerked, and ejaculated. The first load hit my neck, then a second jerk, and white globules rained on my tits, nipples and shoulder. I milked the last drops myself, while Bob leaned down and kissed me. "I've dreamed about doing this with you," he panted. "Enjoy it?" "Fucking wonderful" was his reply. Bob went to the bathroom, and returning, washed his cock with a flannel, and then me. It was a moment to savour.

Bob's cock was at attention, and he got me to kneel while he plugged me from behind, and this time he brought me off and himself together. I suddenly realised the camcorder was

videoing the action. "Have you ever seen yourself being fucked?" Bob chuckled, and slipped the tape into an adaptor. He helped me up and, naked as new-borns, we watched the replay. "You really need someone to operate it to get the good shots," Bob added, and he went down on me while I watched Bob's spurting job on TV. Fucking hell: I was having an extended orgasm, while on screen I could see Bob fucking me from behind, and saw my big tits swinging.

The video ended, and Bob got me to sit on his cock while he did beautiful things to my nipples, and drove me to ecstasy.

We slept together and celebrated in the morning with Bob behind me, giving me one of those lovely morning fucks which go on forever. He videoed me as I entered the shower, soaped myself and

DAILY Raver

Ravers Model In Shrimps Orgy!



You've heard about ants in your pants, but how about shrimps in your quim? This was the question our reporter put to blonde Raver Susan, following her encounter with a school of particularly vicious Portuguese vulva shrimps (clitorious nippitus), towards the end of last year. "It was quite nice, actually. They were very, very small and only tickled me. It reminded me to call the Ravers Ed when I got home," said Susan.

If you'd like to have a fanny full of seafood, then let us know, and we'll send out a school of shrimps under plain brown wrapper, or alternatively, a long tube full of eels. The cost of this bargain offer? A mere 20 squid...



Choose Your Location

THE RAYERS GUIDE TO MODELLING

PART 1

Choose Your Props

DO pick somewhere quiet and cosy, where you're unlikely to be disturbed once you've ripped your knickers off.

DON'T do what Janine here did. Never, ever get your fanny out in front of your elderly parents' house while perched on the roof of your grandfather's car.



DO let the model get in the car before you drive home.

DON'T leave her hanging off the bonnet at a set of traffic lights.

DO try to use interesting props to liven up your shoot.

DON'T let the model trap her tits in your stocks without adequate insurance cover. And try to make sure they know which bits are supposed to go through the holes, where possible.



then dried off. My pubeless fanny was videoed, and I even held it open and diddled my clit. We ate a lazy breakfast, and it ended with Bob screwing me yet again on the table.

After Bob had gone, I played and replayed the video, hardly believing what I'd seen. But there was no denying it, I'd enjoyed it. Tom rang me that evening and I told him I'd slept with Bob. "Have you got the video?" he asked, "because I knew Bob wanted to fuck you. We fixed it, last week." They'd connived, but I didn't care.

Tom comes home in June for three weeks, and we've planned a horny holiday. Please print my letter, because Tom and Bob didn't think I'd dare write to you.

Pam, Middlesbrough.

Irish Thighs

I am writing because I have just come home from what has been my best holiday ever. My name is

Sean and I am 19 years old. Last summer I went to the south of Ireland with my mate and his girlfriend and, while they stayed with her parents, I stayed with her aunt and uncle. We would have been a foursome, except that my girlfriend had to stay at home, as her father had an accident two days before



we went. She wanted me to go, as she said I couldn't meet any girls if the three of us stayed together!

We spent the day at Jayne's

parents' and in the evening her Dad drove me to her uncle's. It took us about 20 minutes, and he told me how sorry he was that I was staying there, as his brother didn't know how to enjoy himself.

For the first two days I thought he was right, but the third night they fucked as if they hadn't done it for a year. And, since I was sleeping in the room next door, I could hear the whole performance through the walls! I knew they didn't know I was in, so I lay listening and wanking.

The next morning I was in the shower having a wank and in walked Peter. I desperately tried to hide myself, but even through the steam he could see my hard-on. He looked at my cock and said if I needed a fuck that bad to come for my breakfast as I was. I went into my room and got dressed, certain he was taking the piss. After about five minutes he knocked on my door. I opened it to find him standing bollock naked with his cock stick-

ing out in front of him. He told me that Louise, his wife, didn't fuck just anyone, and she was waiting. I looked at him, decided that my cock was bigger, so why not go for it? You wouldn't believe how quickly I stripped off!

I was rock hard by the time we went downstairs, and there she was, waiting for me, just as Peter had said. They are both about 40, and Louise has a great body, and is a natural redhead, too. She was wearing a white lace bra, matching knickers and suspenders and white stockings. She asked me would I eat breakfast first, or her? I had only ever fucked my girl, and she never looked like this. Knowing that I couldn't lose out, I just said: "Help yourself." She went down on all fours and started to lick my feet. By the time she had worked her way up to my thighs, I was shaking like a leaf. Peter was sitting behind her wanking, but I felt great because my cock was much big-

CONTINUED
ON PAGE

32

Up The Workers

Bored at work? Has the daily grind ground you down? Is your workplace duller than a 40 watt bulb in a power out? Well, hold hard! Help is at hand! Is it fair that our staff are surrounded by pretty girls every day, when all you've got to look at is a rear view of Doris the tea lady? Of course it's not! So we thought we'd share our fringe benefits with you the readers.



Fancy meeting one of our gorgeous girls? The great news is that you can with Up the Workers! That's right we'll send one of our stunning girls to meet you at your work and give you the sort of day that'll give a whole new meaning to 'the daily grind'!

Each month, our **Up the Workers** flying squad will hit a factory, shop, or any one of the millions of workplaces around the country and a Ravers photographer will be there to catch all the action for publication in Ravers magazine.

After a quick touch up (that's make-up, not the model), one of our fab femmes will strip for the camera - with you and your mates there to catch all the action! You won't be bored - but you might be stiff!

This month, little Raver Sherry and sexy snapper (excuse me; 'sexy snapper'? Are you entirely mad? - Ed) John Mason paid a visit to Paul's Autos, down in Kent. John had arranged the visit beforehand, so owner Paul Smith had an idea of what to expect, otherwise the sudden appearance of a sexy bird completely starkers might have led to a nasty mishap with the inspection pit.

Pity he didn't tell mechanic Phil Jackson, 20. Sherry must have looked like any other female customer when she drove into the Canterbury garage. What she did next put her in another league entirely. Phil and the rest of the lads were gob-smacked when tasty Sherry, 19, slipped out of her skimpy hot pants to give them the thrill of their lives!



Bulging Trousers

Work came to a standstill. You can see from the pictures that the lads have downed tools. Or do those bulging trousers tell another tale? While Sherry pretended to give the car's engine the once over, the blokes couldn't help giving Sherry's own bodywork the same treatment. When they had recovered their breath, there were the sort of comments you'd expect from hot blooded mechanics:

"I wouldn't mind checking her underseal."

"Now that 's something I wouldn't mind servicing!"

"I prefer a big end myself."

"Needs a rebore if you ask me."

Garage owner Paul Smith, 35, was more philosophical. "We don't get many customers like this," he admitted. Sherry's strip was the sexiest any of the blokes had seen. Slowly and seductively, she stripped off the lot. In the end, there she was without a stitch on and cool as a cucumber, which wasn't true of the staff at Paul's Autos. After Sherry's sexy show there was only one way to describe the condition the fitters were in... tired and exhausted!



Photographed by John Mason





Here's how to put a little pep into your day and some starch into your trousers! First, make sure you get the full permission of your bosses and that the sight of a naked beauty will cause excitement and not offense. Then write to: Up the Workers Ravers, Galaxy Publications Ltd., PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ. Tell us a bit about you, your mates and where you work. We'll pick the most likely locations and arrange to pay you a visit in the company of one of Ravers' fabulous ladies.



Up The Workers Sherry



Rave On!

ger than his. Louise was now licking the top of my thighs and her hand was squeezing my balls, then she licked my cock. I couldn't help myself: I came all over her face. She closed her eyes and opened her mouth and it went all over her face and hair. Sternly, she told me I

had to clean up my mess. I looked for something to use, but Louise told me I had a tongue.

I licked her chin then her cheeks, and then Peter was beside me licking off the rest. It seemed natural. Peter took off her bra; her tits were fantastic

and I noticed they had all over tans. Louise told me I was to eat her now, and she lay on the floor while Peter knelt at her head. As I took off her knickers she asked me if I would wear them for her. I was stunned - I'd never done anything that kinky, but as I looked at her she had her finger in her cunt and was licking Peter's cock, so I did.

I was too horny to feel stupid, I had never done any of these things before, but when I put my tongue on her cunt she almost ground it into my face. Her smell and taste were the biggest turn on I have ever had. I chewed on her clit, and the harder I chewed, the louder she moaned. When she had an orgasm, my head was held

tight between her thighs and I just knelt there with my arse in the air loving it.

When I lifted my head, Peter was rubbing his spunk into Louise's tits. His cock was still hard and as Louise wanked him they both smiled at me, then Louise said Peter licked my face, so I bent over and licked Peter's spunk off Louise's tits. Peter couldn't hide the fact he loved it. We rested for a while then Peter came back into the room and he had put on a pair of white knickers.

They asked me if I liked wearing them. I told them I could get used to it, but I didn't think my girlfriend would! Louise told me to eat her pussy and get good at it, as she would like that. We played with each other for a while, then Louise asked me to lick her out and she lay on the sofa while I knelt on the floor. Peter watching only turned me on more. Peter kept saying fuck her, fuck her. We both stood up and Louise pulled down my knickers, taking my cock in her hand as she did so and guided me over to the sofa. She knelt on it with her arse sticking in the air and her cunt on show, pulling her bum cheeks apart and dragging me, cock first, into her wet hole. As I was fucking Louise, Peter stood in front of her with his prick buried in her mouth. When I came I thought I would never stop, Louise was pushing at me and Peter was pushing at her with his cock jammed in Louise's face.

The three of us were covered in come and it smelt great, but we needed a wash. We went up to shower, but there wasn't much room so Louise and Peter got out first dried themselves and then told me to get out. We went to the bedroom and then Louise dried me in front of Peter and then took my hard cock in her mouth while Peter started very slowly to rub her arse. I watched as his tongue worked its way down her

Posing Your Models

DO make the most of your model. If she's athletic, get her to bend into the sexiest poses you can think of.



DON'T pose her so that she needs to see a qualified chiropractor afterwards, or ends up working in a circus as a contortionist. Always make sure that she can get out of any knots you tie her in. And remember, never try to copy her poses in the privacy of your bedroom: you'll only put your back out and leave footprints all over the wall.

THE RAVERS GUIDE TO MODELLING PART 2

DO use two girls, since they're better than one, and we'd all like to hop into a fanny sandwich with a pair of sexy babes.

DON'T ask your mum and her friend from the RWI to pose for you, and never let one model drag the other off set, or have the pair of them shuffling from view on their hands and knees.



EVERY MAN'S Fantasy

Nurse, Nurse



Hattie Jacques giving you a bed-bath while Babs Windsor lifts the sheets and Sylvia Sims shaves your pubes. I doubt that there's a fantasy quite as typically British as the nurse. Of course, the odds are that the nursing unions are going to hate me for saying it, but that's just tough. Few other professions required their staff to tog up in stockings and sussies, except judges, of course. So if you've had a nurse fantasy come true, we want to hear about it. We'll even shoot a really raunchy nurse set to go with it! Send your tales of nursing naughtiness to: EMF, Ravers, Galaxy Publications Ltd., PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.



crack, and felt her jolt as he slipped it inside her fanny. I was enjoying it too much to stop any of them.

I took Louise's head in my hands and watched Peter, he smiled at me and stood up, sliding his rigid cock into his wife's cunt. I smiled back at him as she slurped on mine. She pulled back my foreskin as far as it would go and licked all over my knob. I tried to push but she wouldn't let me, then her hands came up the backs of my legs and rested on my arse. Louise and I were well and truly joined, and I was pulling her tits off her while Peter hammered in and out of her and she swallowed my cock.

Peter grunted and pulled out of her fanny, his cock spraying her arse cheeks and back with his sticky, white spunk. Watching that, I knew I couldn't hold back much longer. When Louise fell against the bed, she was holding on for all she was worth and I was on top. I fucked her mouth as hard as I could and when I came I wouldn't let up until she had

licked up every drop. When we finished Louise kissed Peter and my spunk was running into his mouth.

Since that holiday, we have booked a hotel for next weekend and I am looking for a flat so they can stay with me when we meet again. Louise is bringing a friend called Julie.

I know it sounds unbelievable, but this is the truth and I wanted to let everyone to know that things like this actually happen.

Sean H., Belfast.

Older & Bolder

Opening the door to the bathroom, I was surprised to see the naked figure standing in front of me, I looked at her naked body. I blushed; this was not just any naked lady, she was my mother's best friend, someone I'd known all my life, a woman I had called Auntie. I mumbled an apology and ran out of the room.

I lay on my bed and could feel my penis hardening, I tried to

think of something else, but all my mind would focus on was Jean's naked body. I did a quick calculation, she must be 42 I thought, and I had only turned 18 three weeks ago. Why, then, had I taken my cock out and started wanking as I thought about her? I was disturbed by a knock on the door. I



hurriedly shoved my knob back into my trousers and called: "Yes?" It was Jean. She was wearing a robe, and I knew that she was naked underneath it. She

spoke to me gently, "Don't worry, no-one need know." She sat on my bed and carried on talking. "It wasn't your fault, how were you to know I was in there? I should have locked the door." I looked up at her, she was smiling and didn't seem the least bit phased by the situation. I smiled back. "That's better," she said. "Now then, stop hiding in your room like a frightened rabbit and come and help me unpack."

I had a fantastic wank that night, I fantasised about losing my virginity to Jean and wondered what it would be like to feel her body near me. What would her tits feel like? I knew that it was all just a fantasy, but nevertheless I happily tossed myself off as I imagined lying on top of her, my cock buried deep in her cunt.

Jean was not at breakfast. She had risen early and gone to visit some friends a few miles away, she would probably be gone all day. After lunch my mother was rushing around, this was her afternoon to help at the hospital, she was already late, she kissed me goodbye and left. I was on my own for the day. This frequently happened - my father worked abroad and my sister was at Uni.

I sat for a while, then went to my room to get my cigarettes, going back downstairs and lighting one up by the fire. I knew that if my mother found me she'd kill me. Normally I wouldn't be able to smoke in the house, as my mother would have smelled the smoke, but Jean smoked so I was safe. I settled down and lit up. This was better than hiding behind the garage. I nearly jumped out of my skin as I heard Jean's voice saying, "And what will your

mother say when she finds out about you smoking?" I was speechless, all I could do was look at the cigarette

CONTINUED
ON PAGE
94

What



a Load of Scrubbersh!

part for the times you leave a window open, car-washes aren't the most exciting places. But Ravers correspondent **MIKE HUNT** found a mind-blowing exception...

Dusty drivers in Newcastle, New South Wales, couldn't believe their headlamps when they saw what was going down - and coming off - at the local service station!

Instead of grease monkeys in overalls they found Ozzies in cozzies - and all of them girls! The ladies from the L'Amour agency had taken over the station and had taken a shine to their customers, Porsche drivers in particular!

STUNT

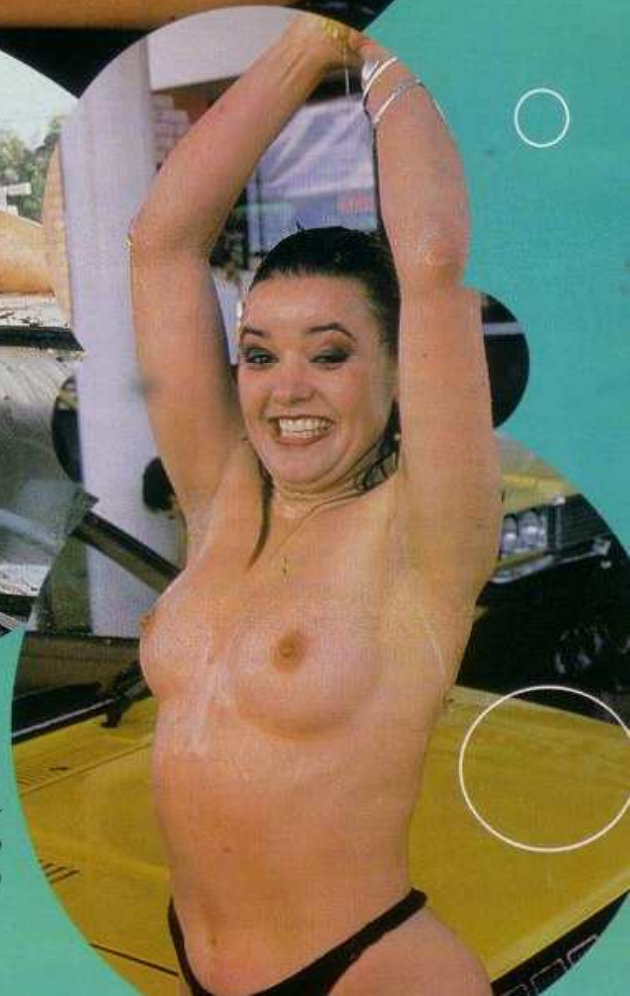
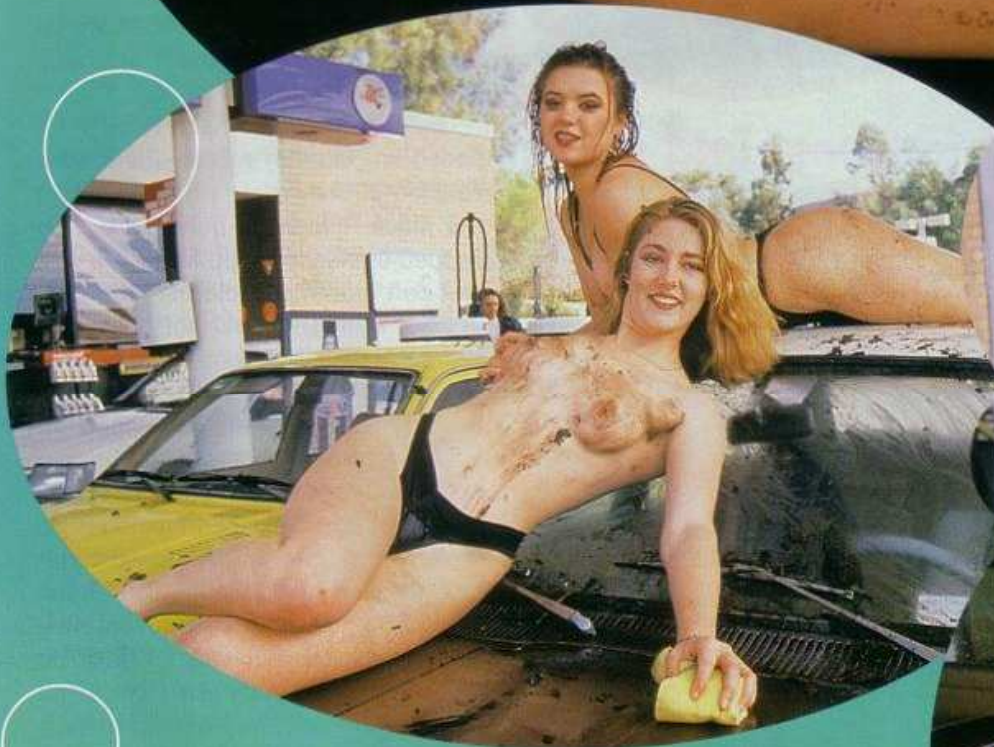
This crazy photo stunt got out of hand when bubbly blonde Kara suggested that they should be as topless as the cars. Then brunette Tina let fly with a bucket of water. Suddenly the forecourt was awash with soap, water and coppers without clobber.

AWASH

It was a fight to the finish, with no-one prepared to throw in the sponge. But at least it cooled everyone down, overheating car drivers included. The blistering Australian sun was beginning to turn them all a dark shade of Newcastle brown. The guys all took it in good part, except for a perv filling derv.

DERV

The troublesome trucker kept wanting the girls to check his dipstick. Maxine was furious at one of the suggestions he made. "You want a wax, wash and a what up?" she cried, and let him have it: a bucket of ice cold water.



GOBSMACKED!

The girls might had a whole lot of good, clean fun and enjoyed themselves almost as much as the gobsmacked drivers. They had to admit that the girls did a good job. These Sheilas know just how to keep a Bruce spruce!

The Very Best Of British!

British Hardcore Sex Videos That Prove: We DO IT Better!

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**Shot entirely by Camcorder-wielding British Amateurs
-for You to See Absolutely Everything!**

British ***** - £19.95

This video features only girls aged 16 and over. Girls aged under 18 appear with written parental consent. If you enjoy young beauties, I can certainly recommend you to this highly desirable video. You'll only see teenage girls. There is really something about teenage girls, isn't there? Their skin is so fresh, their eyes so clear and their bosoms, well, their bosoms come in all shapes and sizes. Some of these girls have small pert tits, a few are still under-developed, others have healthy looking firm boobs and some have huge, full bosoms.

This video is chock-a-block full of British teenagers, from all four nations. We have blondes, brunettes and a red-head. Some pose alone, stripping and playing with themselves. Others pose shyly with men. Others dress in school uniform and show themselves to you, then they strip, then their lovers take them and we watch these exquisite British teenagers being shagged. It's high charged erotic viewing.

If you love young girls in their first flush of love and lust, this is essential viewing. The girls are all wonderful and the good news is we have three more volumes of this series to be released in the next twelve months or so.

British Teenagers are the sexiest bunch of teenagers around. Some are shy, others are almost (they admit) addicted to sex. What they are prepared to do is astonishing. To look at them you'd think that butter wouldn't melt in their mouths, but it is close.

This video has something for everybody who is a fan of British teenage girls. Strip scenes and sex scenes,



British Couples - £19.95

Since it was first released in the autumn of 1992, this has been our number one best selling video.

Why? The reason is simple. It is chock-a-block full of different British couples enjoying their nookie quota.

Few things are free in this debt-ridden

Great Britain of the 1990s. One thing is still good though - f**king!

Sex is free. Sex is good. Sex is natural and good sex is a delight to watch - as I'm 100% sure you'll agree. This sampler video features loads of British couples getting their kicks for free, by screwing for your viewing entertainment. What type of girls or women do you fancy? It doesn't really matter, because on this video there's something for everyone.

This video has older women, it has sexy teenage girls, it has women in their teens, twenties, thirties, forties,

fifties and sixties. It has straight sex, it has kinky sex. It has group scenes, lesbian scenes, school uniforms, nurses uniforms, directorate knickers, knee socks, stockings, super sexy lingerie, vibrators, dildoes, tennis rackets, rude food and fetish acts - a little bit of everything and a lot of horniness. White girls, black girls, even an Indian girl and a Chinese lady.

This is quite often the first video that people buy from us. Then they complain! They say 'there wasn't enough of Sarah and Robert' or 'Tut, haven't you got any more of Betty, Brian and Doug?' Well... yes of course we have - we've more of everything.

So, if your idea of good viewing is a roller-coaster ride through many of our British couples then you need this desire. Don't just dream about watching a load of British sex addicts doing it. Watch them in confidential close-up action. Draw the curtains, put the video tape into the machine, press the play button and then... Who says Fantasyland doesn't truly exist. These are genuine 'normal' British couples, the types you see at the local shopping mall or in the queue at the cinema or playing with their kids in the park on a Sunday morning. Only in this video, you see them as nature intended: enjoying each other. It is the most eye opening hour of sex you might ever see. It has it all and it's 100% British and 100% full of amateur sex participants (teenagers to grannies).



Older Women Volume 1 - £19.95

This is the first of our Older Women video series. If you get this one and enjoy it (which you will, I promise) then your luck is in. There are three more volumes available for you to feast your eyes upon.

Volume 1 is considered a collector's item by many of our clients. It is simply amazing. It is stunningly erotic.

If you like older women, that is.

This video features only women aged 48 years and over.

There are ladies in their forties, ladies in their fifties and even ladies in their sixties. They come in all shapes and sizes, some are fat,

some are thin. Some have enormous ripe bosoms, others are skinny

and as flat as a witch's tit.

From all around Britain (literally, Erica

aged 55 sent her tape in from the Orkney Isles), we bring you the horniest grannies in Britain. All strip for you, all display their old fashioned underwear (some men find directorate very sexy, you know). There are support corsets, girdles and cross-your-heart bras and old fashioned stockings.

This video shows older women after older woman.

Each one does her 'turn', to turn you on. It's an older woman sex-fans paradise, a Nirvana filled with mature sexy women all of whom want one thing and one thing only - to turn you on. They each have different methods to achieve this. Some stare provocatively straight at the camera, knowing their sexuality. Others are demure, shyly looking away. Others just want to mother you, still others merely want

to turn you on. They want to know that you're going to pull your trousers down because of the effect they have on you.

Enough talk. Now the action. Get this video and enjoy. I've decided that if you like older women, words cannot describe the thrills you're headed for, so I won't go on any longer.



Young British Lesbians - £19.95

We weren't even sure if teenage lesbians existed, but they do. Wow, do they ever!! One of the girls told me that Queen Victoria did not believe in lesbians. She couldn't comprehend what two girls could do to each other; that's why homosexuality is illegal under 21s, but not lesbianism.

Well... after the shock of this video, if Queen Victoria was still around, we could certainly fill her in on what lesbianism is all about.

The girls on this video are all aged 18 or nineteen. They are either 100% lesbian or they swing both ways. They are the horniest bunch of teenage girls around. I've watched this video about fifty times in the last few weeks (yes, it is that good).

The idea of young girls indulging in full sex acts with other British young 18 or 19 year olds is a real turn on and seeing it in exact detail is a real kick.

The thing about the girls on this video is how normal they are. I've always had the idea that lesbians are shaven-headed boyish girls who wear Doctor Marten boots and act like men. Not these girls - these are normal everyday teenage girls, except that they get their sexual pleasures by performing with other girls.

Sex is very important to teenage lesbians. Mary, who is 18 shows us just how much pleasure she can give her partner (19 year old Joanne) just by using her mouth. We watch in fascinated, baited-breath ecstasy as Joanne is giving a complete going over. Joanne practically purrs with contented bliss as her lover brings her to the threshold of pure delight again and again. Indeed, Joanne is in a state of practical orgasmic heights for at least twelve minutes.

There're many lesbian (or bi-sexual) teenagers on this video, all are British. They come from all around the country. Grantham, Cardiff, Fort William etc. These girls don't look like lesbians, but they are, as you'll see in graphic detail. Fresh faced & fruity. I don't know about you but that really does turn me on. Get this video and watch it in ultimate close-up as these teenage lesbians perform with each other. It has to be seen to be believed.



this video, all are British. They come from all around the country. Grantham, Cardiff, Fort William etc. These girls don't look like lesbians, but they are, as you'll see in graphic detail. Fresh faced & fruity. I don't know about you but that really does turn me on. Get this video and watch it in ultimate

close-up as these teenage lesbians perform with each other. It has to be seen to be believed.



The teenage girls who appear on it are not models. They are normal teenage girls, the type you see on the train, on the check-out till (one works on the till at a nationwide supermarket chain - check her out - she works at the branch in Lincoln). They're office juniors, they're sales assistants in clothes shops, they're the youth of Britain. They're sexy and you'll go wild for them. Yes, they are so vibrant, so sexy, so pure, they are almost worth dying for.

The following Adult shops have agreed to stock these videos. They will only be sent to you on production of this advertisement. You are welcome Mon. - Sat. 9.30 - 6.30 (Fri. until 8pm)

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Bexley 14 Bourne Road (Bexley Village) Brighton 11 Surrey Street
Bristol 76 West Street, Old Market Bury 94 Rochdale Road
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Darlington 91 Victoria Road Derby 61 Osmaston Road
Gloucester 17-24 Trade Offices, Cattle Mkt. Grimsby 189 Grimsby Road
Hemel Hempstead 193 London Road Kettering 25 Market Street
Kings Lynn 41 Norfolk St. Kingston 203 Kingston Road, New Malden
Liverpool 63 Moorfields Manchester 54 Oldham Street
Margate 55 Northdown Road Newcastle 56 Westmorland Road
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- ☐ British Couples - £19.95
- ☐ Older Women, Volume 1 - £19.95
- ☐ Young British Lesbians - £19.95
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- ☐ All 4 for only £69.95

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with your name and address written on the
reverse of cheque.

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I understand the nature of these Videos and will keep them
away from minors.

I am over 18 _____ Signed _____

Sticky MOMENTS

She was a touch above the average bit of stuff who came to watch us play cricket. She was some director or other's secretary and had that indefinable air of managed competence. Her clothes, even for informal weekends, were well tailored suits, or summery pastel print dresses which accentuated her thin waist and generous curves. It was, I confided to Spence next to me at second slip, a carefully monitored sexuality; not brazen, upfront, like the other girls in the group with their tight skirts, short hems and clinging sweaters worn without bras.

"Have you seen her in a swimming costume?" Spence muttered delphically, as the Umpire called 'Over' and we changed ends. For the rest of their innings I was feeling desperately horny.

Two snicks from the bat rocketed through my non-attendant hands, as my eyes swept the boundary and picked out the high deckchair she was sitting in, showing a dashing amount of tanned thigh and milk chocolate curves straining against the low neckline of her dress.

"Whyntcha go and give 'er one in the bushes? You're no fuckin' use on the field this afternoon!" snorted our Skipper, following my gaze.

At tea, I found her suddenly behind me in the queue for sandwiches and sticky buns. In the bar she came and quietly sat with my group, joined in the



**The best laid plans
so often go awry
and plans to get
laid are no
exception.
STANLEY BRYAN's
had his fair share
of cock ups, which
is a funny choice
of words for
situations when
he didn't...**

choruses of the songs and conveyed, in the way women do, that she was with me. At first I could not believe it but, as the other blokes and their birds left two by two, we were among the last to leave. Her body language came on strong as we drove up the A3 back into London, and she faced me sideways on the front seat with her dress riding provocatively high.

"It's a lovely night, why don't we go to the top of the Downs?" she suggested quietly.

The Downs was where it all happened on Saturday nights. There were couples in the grass, in cars, all over the place. I found a quiet spot. She hopped astride my legs, facing me with one deft movement, placing her knickers in her bag. I could not believe it. Not *her*. I felt her fingers on my zipper, then a charge of electricity as she touched my rampant cock, and an even bigger sensation as I felt myself slide inside her like a hand into a well-oiled kid glove. I pushed my hands up under her dress and massaged her straining, rock-hard boobs. She sealed my lips with one devastating kiss, then I felt her vaginal muscles squeeze my penis until I could no longer hold onto my orgasm. Hers came halfway through mine in a series of convulsions which reminded me of a stripper at the climax of her act, and then a slow ride down to a standstill, both of us breathing heavily and sweating.

The knickers went back on with the same sureness of movement, a lip-stick was produced and made one or two dabs at her face, a comb primped a couple of stray hairs into place, and she whispered, "Let's go to your place for the main course!"

I parked outside my flat in Earl's Court and she leapt out, shouldering her bag and pushing her leg against mine. She walked ahead of me into my large basement flat, silently asking with her forefinger which room was mine. I sidled in ahead and switched the bedside light on. She opened my wardrobe, took out a hanger and shrugged out of her dress. I felt myself stiffen at the sight of her in a pair of very brief briefs and a half cup bra. She calmly hung her dress on the hanger, smoothing down the pleats before turning to face me. Smiling, with a quizzical look on her face, she undid my top shirt button and the next one down, and slid under my arm into bed.

Common sense told me that I should waste no time and get in beside her because all the signals were green. Yet, I demurred. I had seen an old Ray Milland movie in black & white on BBC2 one Sunday morning, and had loved the way he put on his dressing gown and flicked a cigarette into a holder before he entered the boudoir. Here I was with the catbird's secretary who had class, and I was about to leap in beside her like a footballer with a Page 3 girl. "So don't be a schmuck already," said my conscience. "Make like Milland, go take a shower, smash yourself with poof juice, brush your teeth, put on the silk pyjamas Great Aunt Grace gave you 100 Christmases ago, and make an entrance, asshole!"

I entered the bedroom, conscious of having an enormous erection which was threatening to burn a hole in the silk pyjama bottoms, to find her sitting on my side of the bed, fully dressed and primping her hair.

"Hi," she said, "I've changed my mind. I didn't realise you were such a

gentleman, showering and wotnot. I would have felt like a cheap tart if I had stayed in bed and let you..." "But what about The Downs an hour ago?"



"That was something which just happened. It was spontaneous. Going to bed with somebody is a serious commitment, and one which I'm not ready to make again."

Kiss-kiss on the cheek at the door and she was gone. I returned to my bedroom, where only a lingering whiff of Eliage remained. I tore off my dressing gown and hurled it across the room. Fuck Milland!

"Here's looking at you, asshole!" said my conscience. My watch said there was another hour's drinking time at The Scarsdale. I clambered into my clothes and did a brisk trot across the late night racing circuit which is Cromwell Road. I entered the bar to find Morgan with his back to me, talking to a mini-skirted girl showing a handsome leg line and provocative red knickers with black piping.

"Stan, the very man! Have to go.



Jayne's expecting me home and I didn't want to leave lovely Lorna here on her own. Not on her first night in London. She's from Durban, um, South Africa." Lorna smiled and said, "I'll level with you. I'm looking for a place to stay a few nights until I get fixed up. The accommodation deal I thought I made from home has fallen through."

I pulled up my bar stool close to her and received a knee pressed between the top of my legs. I held her gaze and she didn't blink. "It's late!" she said, giving me a meaningful smile as she got up and waited for me to follow her...

Linda

What a surprise, a Scottish lass in a mag edited by a Scotsman. Surely there's no bias there, eh? We reckon that a Raver like Linda is perfect for our first ever issue, even if we have missed Hogmanay by a handful of weeks. Still, it didn't take her long to get her kilt off. Just as well the Ed wasn't there when it was shot, otherwise she'd have been shouting: "David, where's your troosers!"







RAVERS

Linda



HARDCORE PHONE SEX

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YOUR COCK

IN MY HOT WET MOUTH

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1725-9157

I LIKE IT UP
MY ASS

RAM IT IN HARD

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"PLEASE"
LICK MY
CUNT

KIND SIR!

00-852
1725
9161

NAKED PISSY
PUSSY

SHAVEN & BURSTING!
00-852
1725-9163

I
LICK
PUSSY

HEAR ME SLURP 'LIVE'

00-852-1725-9160

BIG BLACK
RUBBER DILDO

RIGHT UP MY ASS

00-852-1725-9162

ME
ACTUALLY
GETTING
FUCKED!

'LIVE'

00-852
1725-9159



Raver of the Month

Joanne



Ho! Now that's more like my idea of a little Raver. You should have seen the things she was doing with that lollipop! Talk about a sucker – it made my toes curl and my trousers tent. I only wish that we could have got her into some ankle socks to finish me off!

Photographed by **Mel Guiver**

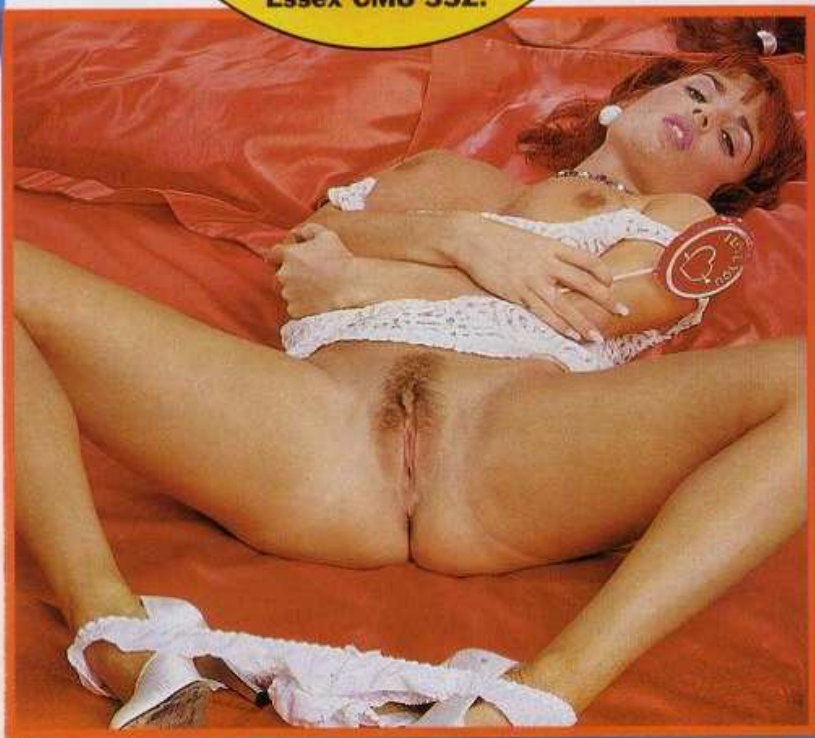




Win Joanne's Lolly!

Doesn't she look cute?
Well if you want to win something that Joanne's had her lips round (no, the Ed isn't going to part with his todger), then just write to us and tell us the rudest thing you could imagine doing to our pig-tailed babe.

Send your dirty letters to:
Luvverly Lolly, Ravers,
Galaxy Publications Ltd.,
PO Box 312, Witham,
Essex CM8 3SZ.







Raver of the Month
RAVERS
Joanne



OUT & ABOUT

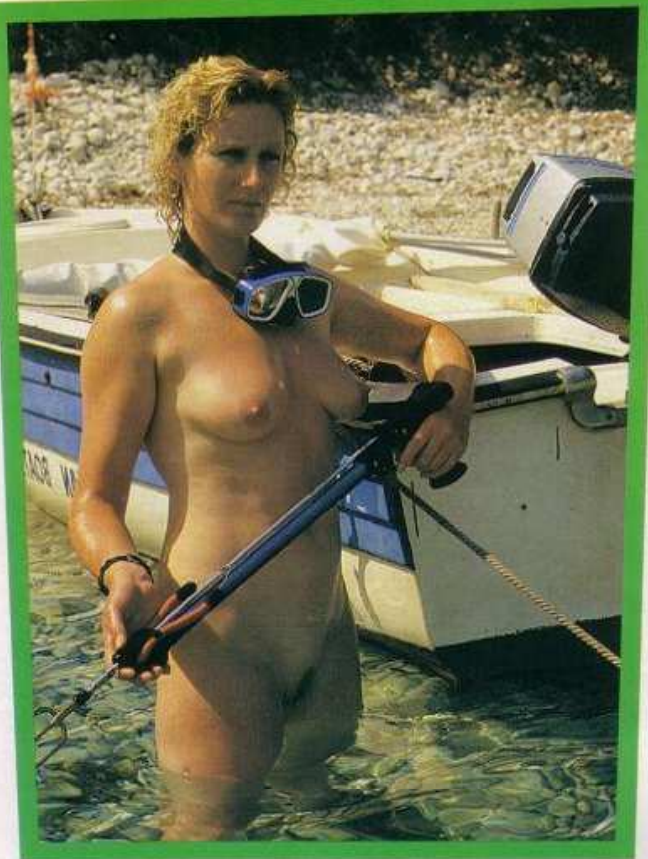


Patricia of West Yorkshire



Carol of Peterborough





Monika of Germany



Go wild in the country! So what if it's a bit parky out, it'll certainly make your nips stick out! This is where we showcase some of our more adventurous wives. If your missus fancies standing in a field and showing off her beauty spots, then this is the place to send 'em! In the garden, the street, fields, shopping centres, the Houses of Parliament, National Parks, National Galleries; we'll print them all, and pay you £25 for each one published into the bargain. Now you can't say fairer than that, can you? Get your saucy snaps in an envelope and send them to: Out & About, Ravers, Galaxy Publications Ltd., PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.

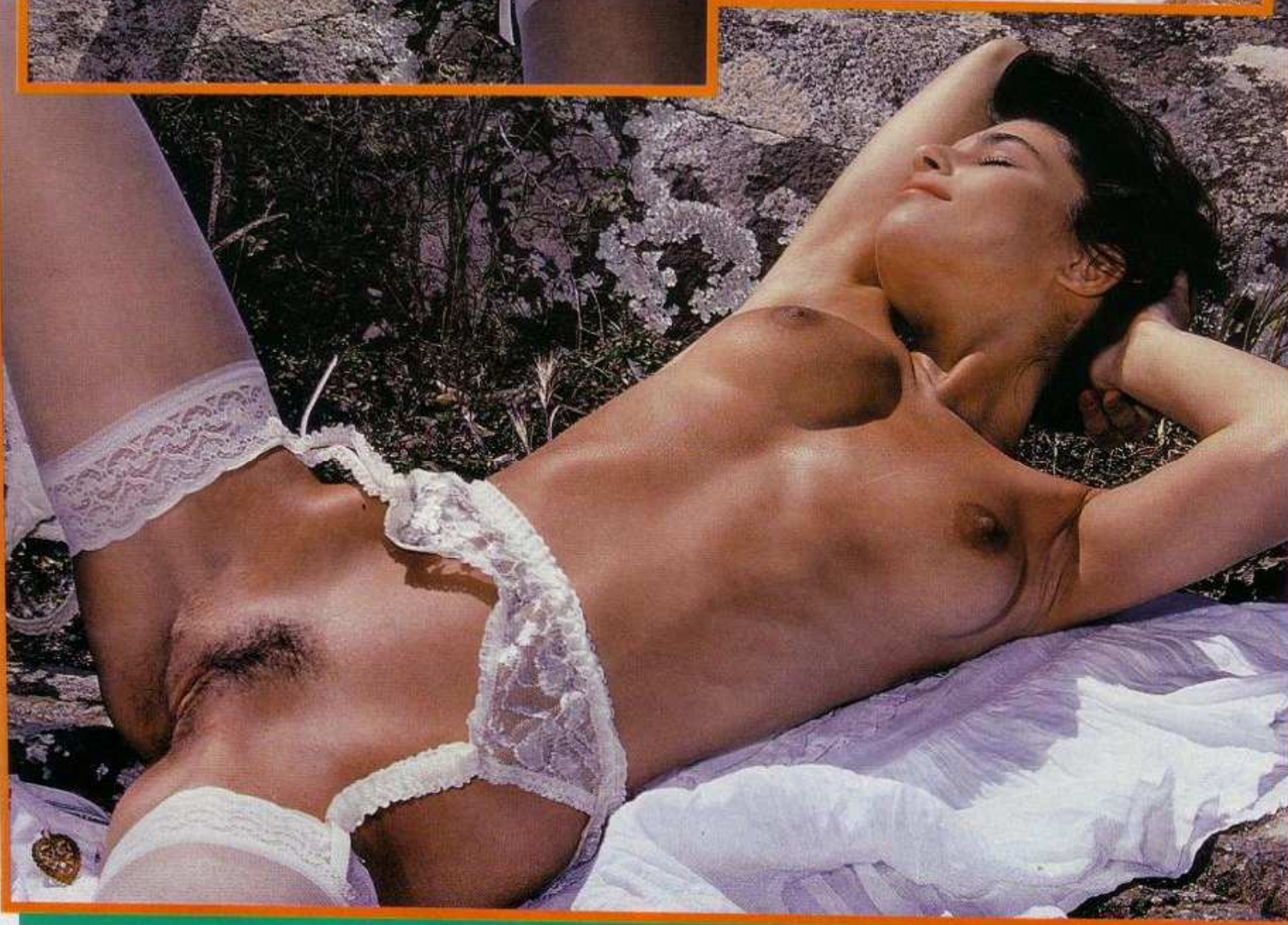
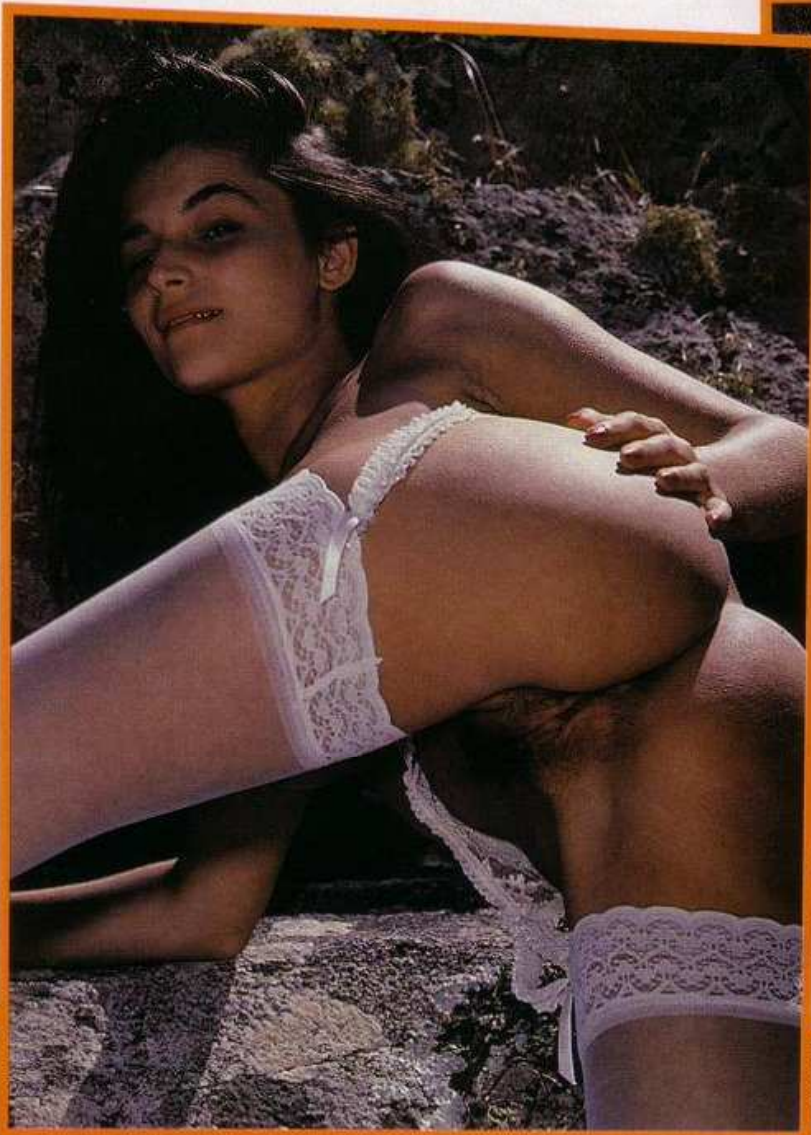
Want to see more wives? Then turn to page 66 right now!



What a trouser-bulging cutie Sally is. She popped in for a shoot for one of the other mags last week and gave me a cheeky smile that nearly popped my flies off. The one thing that annoys me is that when she strips off like this, I never seem to be around. Maybe it's because she knows that if I watched her peel her tight panties down and poke her arse out, I'd run up a dry cleaning bill the size of my leg!

Sally





RAVERS

Sally



FRANK & FILTHY INTERVIEWS

Sex Therapist talks to real couples about their kinky perversions

001 809 4961 314

LIVE

Double Entry
Watersports
Lesbian
Perversion
Gay Initiation

JANE SHAGGED
MY SISTERS
BOYFRIEND
001 809
4961 315

TWO COCKS UP
MY WET CRACK
001 809 4961 316

GAY LADS REAL SPUNKY STORIES
XXX 001 809 4961 380 XXX

SLAVE BEGS FOR WHIP (hardcore)
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BABY SITTER WILL RIDE YOUR COCK
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READERS HARD PORN CONFESSIONS

001 809 4961 326

Wife
Confesses
To Sordid
SEX

001 809
4961
329

F**K MY SISTER MARY
AND THEN DO ME
001 809 4961 327

College Sluts
Luv CUM
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4961 328

19yr Old
Takes 3 Cocks
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4961 330

SEX CONFESSIONS -
Multi-Orgasm LIVE
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4961 331

Horny young wife
will suck you off
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TRANSVESTITE
TAKES 2 COCKS
001 809 4961 338

SPANKED & F**KED BY 9" COCK 001 809 4961 333

Empty your ballbag in my face 001 809 4961 257

SQUADDIES - SPUNKY CORPORAL PUNISHMENT!! 001 809 4961 381

TRANSVESTITE
TAKES 2 COCKS
001 809 4961 334

Caught With
Cucumber & Spanked
001 809 4961 335

FAT GIRLS BEG
FOR YOUR COCK
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WATERSPORTS - Hot, Wet Knickers 001 809 4961 337

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I'M HOT, YOUNG, HORNY, WET & WAITING...

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...Sister-in-Law Sucks Your Cock

"Call me quick, while I'm hot and juicy, so that I can slurp down your thick slippery cock and you can fill my hungry holes with gobs of your scalding spunk."

001 809 4961 301 & 001 809 4961 302

PUSSY WHIP LINDA I take anything up my C**t and I'll hit you until you scream - while you cum on my face and in my mouth

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ENORMOUS TITS &
TIGHT PUSSY

001 809 4961 304

WATCH ME WET
MY KNICKERS

001 809 4961 305

IN UNIFORM FOR YOUR
9" THROBBING COCK

001 809 4961 306

TIED UP - SHAVED &
USED BY HORNY COCK

001 809 4961 307

MAID SUCKS
MASTERS
RIGID TOOL
001 809 4961 309

IN MY MOUTH AND UP MY CRACK

001 809 4961 310

LESBIAN GYM MISTRESS
TIED UP & SHAGGED

001 809 4961 311

SHAG MY SISTER
LICK MY C**T!

001 809 4961 312

SUB HUBBY - WIFE
SPREADS FOR 2 BUILDERS

001 809 4961 313

VIRGIN BEGS FOR LESBIAN COCK ACTION

001 809 4961 319

Nurse - no
knickers
-sucks
pussy
with
cock
up her
001 809
4961
322

SPUNK OVER MY
SWOLLEN JUGS
001 809 4961 320

FINGER MY SLIT -
I'LL SWALLOW
YOUR CUM!
001 809 4961 321

HEAR ME FRIG MY
JUICY FANNY
001 809 4961 323

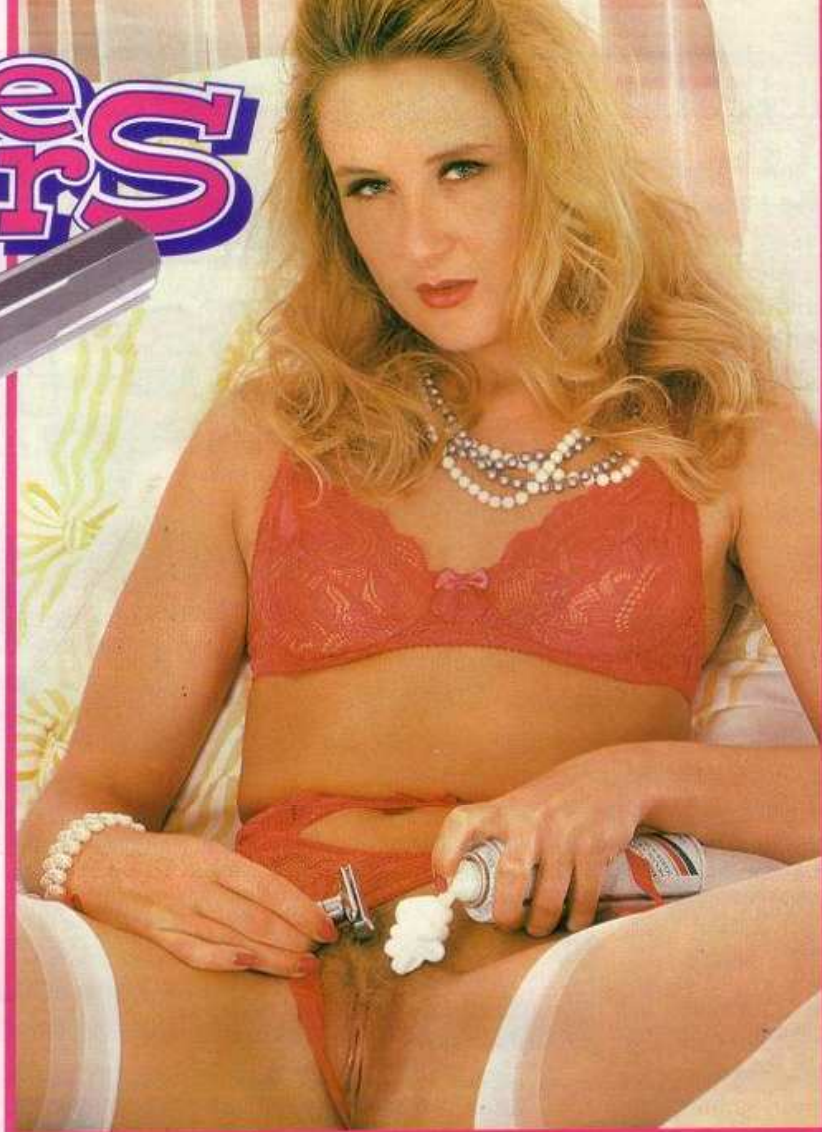
BUM IN THE AIR
PUSH IT IN HARD
001 809 4961 324

HOME RECORDING
SLUTS SUCK SPERM!
001 809 4961 325

Little Shavers

Here at Ravers, our aim is to entertain. Every month we'll make sure you get the best that a magazine can bring you. You'll see girls at your workplace, girls about town, girls photographed together and girls who can offer you a little extra in the way of fun.

Take Charlie, here (you wish). The poor girl can't stand being hairy, and was delighted when we asked her to smother her kissable little pussy in shaving foam and hack off her hairs! And the smut doesn't end there. Every month, we'll be offering you a selection of bald beauties, so keep your trousers peeled for more tent-worthy shaven ravers in the next issue!







RAVERS

Little Shavers



Stark Ravers!!

Fancy yourself as a model, eh? Reckon you've got what it takes to keep our readers randy? Well now's your chance. Stark Ravers is yours to fill with all your favourite naughty pictures, and we're constantly on the lookout for more. So grab your camera and get snapping, vicar. We'll need at least five pictures of you and/or your missus baring all, and **we'll pay you £25 per picture printed!** Polaroids or photos are fine, but I'm afraid that we can't develop your films for you! (Who do you think we are? Boots the Chemist?!) Send your sexy snaps to: **SR, Ravers, Galaxy Publications Ltd., PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.**



Andrea - Sth Wales





Sangeeta - London



Anna-Poland





Bev-Notts

Do You Want More?

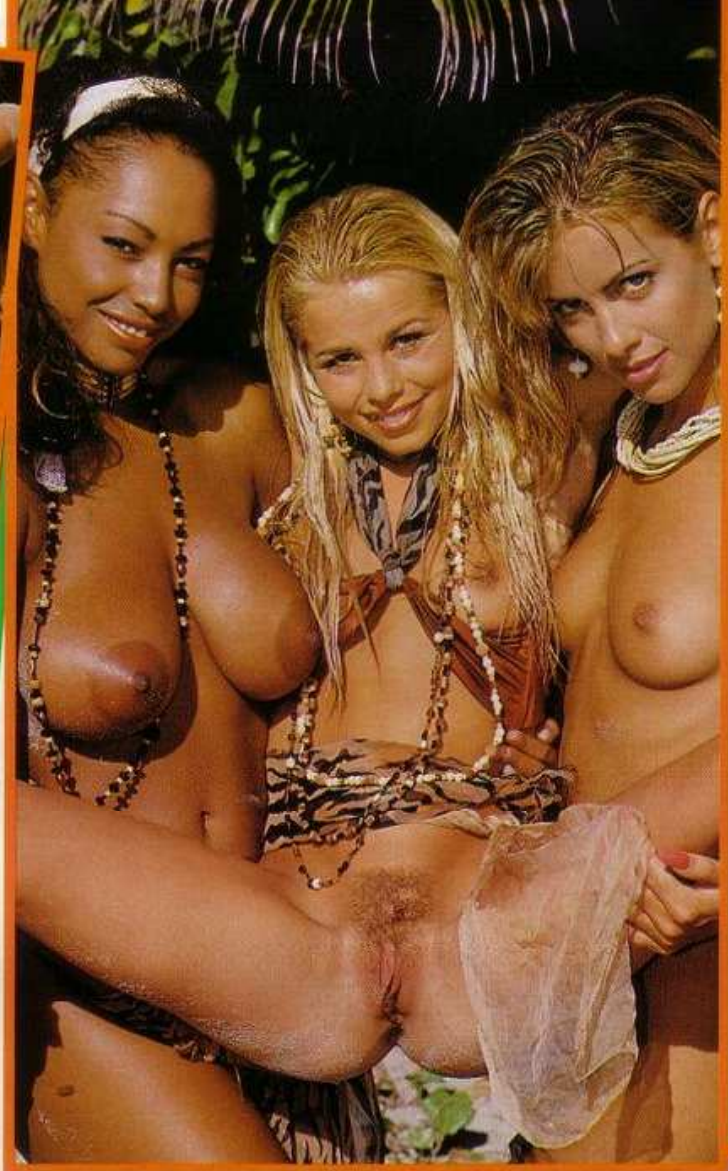
Still hungry for more wives? Then get yourselves turning to page 80 for another blast of StarkRavers!



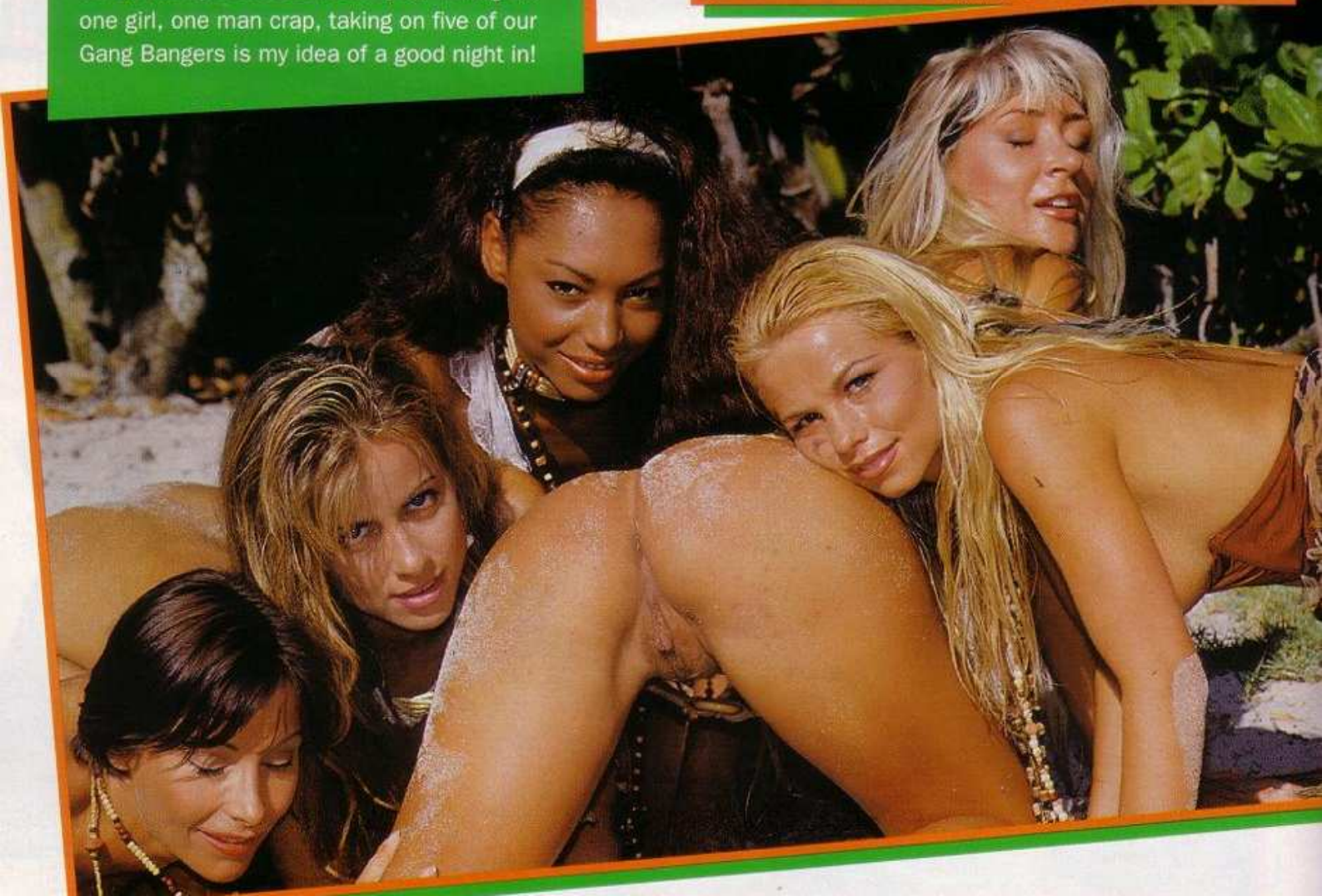
The Bang Gang

Photographed by John Mason





Girl scrum! Last one to grab a tittle is a wet lettuce! Now if you were strolling down a beach and came across this pile of of Ravers and didn't score... well, it'd be time to listen to Dr Ruth. Take five girls, give 'em a bottle of sun lotion, a photo of the Ed's bulging pants and some free air tickets, and this is what you end up with. Naked flesh as far as the eye can see. Stuff your boring old one girl, one man crap, taking on five of our Gang Bangers is my idea of a good night in!

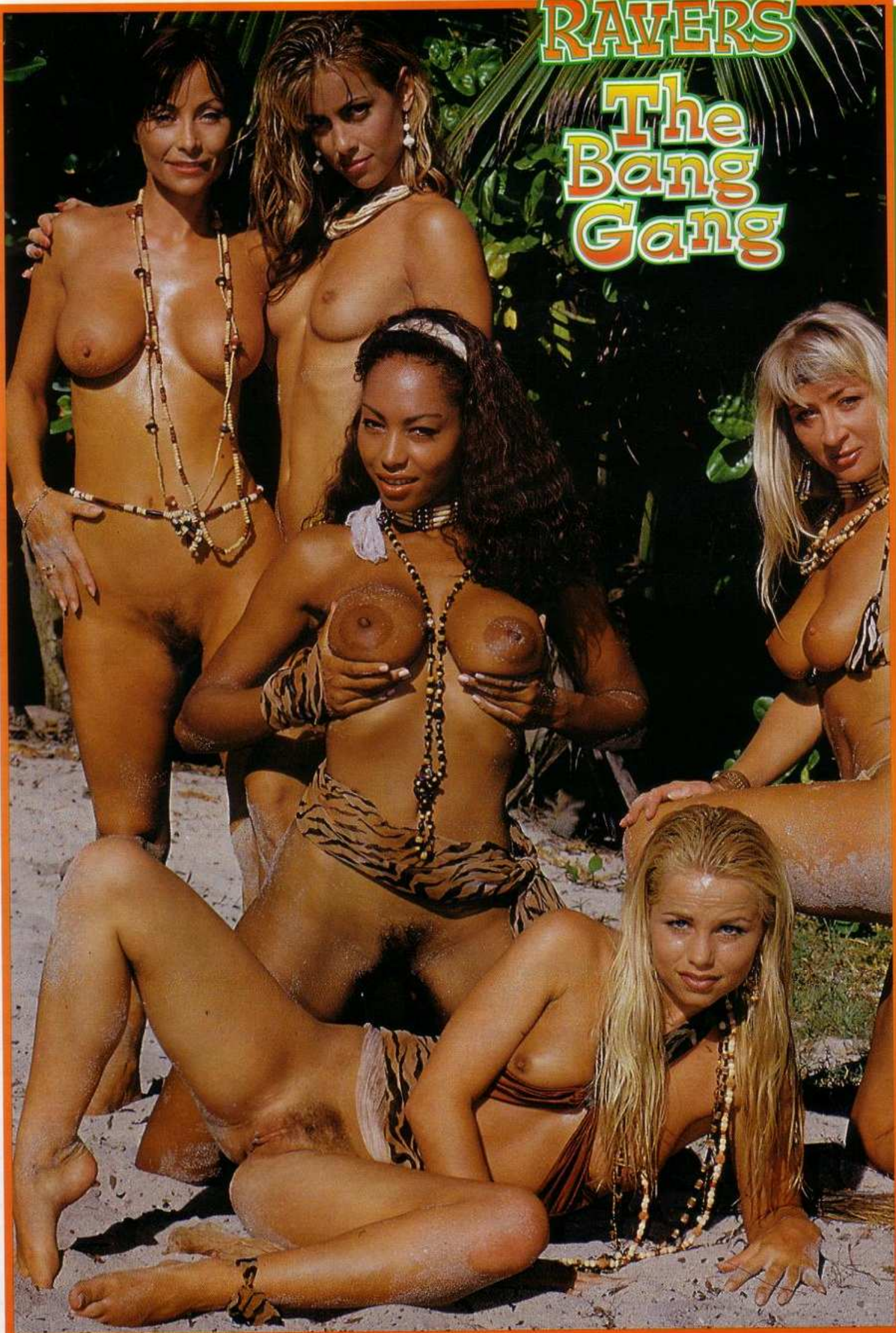






RAVERS

The Bang Gang



ORAL ORGASM - Suck, Spunk & Swallow

001 809 4961 339

"I KNOW YOUR CUM IS BOILING INSIDE YOUR BALLS. CALL ME, AND SHOOT YOUR HOT LOAD INSIDE ME"

SISTERS SUCK YOUR BALLS & COCK

001 809 4961 340

HEAR ME FRIG MY SOAKING FANNY

001 809 4961 341

NURSE / DOCTOR / NYMPHO - 3 WAY SEX

001 809 4961 342

SPUNK UP MY DRIPPING FANNY

001 809 4961 343

VIRGIN TAKES 8" COCK

001 809 4961 347

2 Fingers & Your Cock Up Me

001 809 4961 348

Thick Cock Up Shaven Vagina

001 809 4961 349

On My Knees-Please Pump Me

001 809 4961 350

Rigid Cock Up My Hole

001 809 4961 351

**PORNO
HOUSEWIVES
WANT YOUR SPUNK**
001 809 4961 346

Lift my skirt & part my cheeks

001 809 4961 352

STICK YOUR COCK
UP MY WET C**T
001 809 4961 344

Shag my sister
and cum on her face

001 809 4961 345

TONGUE MY SLIT-
I'LL SUCK YOUR

BALLS

001 809 4961 353

GAY-three meaty cocks 001 809 4961 383

Shagged while hubby wanks

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GAY BOY TAKES BIG PENIS 001 809 4961 384

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YOUR COCK**

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1723-5428

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MY A

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I LIKE IT UP MY A

**ME ACTUALLY
GETTING FUCKED!**

'LIVE'

00-852-1723-5418

RAM IT IN HARD

00-852-1723-5429

LICK MY CUNT

DO IT NOW!

00-852-1723-5430

HEAR MY GIRLFRIEND

FINGER ME

00-852-1723-5436

SHAVE MY PUSSY

IT'S WET & READY

00-852-1723-5436



IMPORTANT NOTICE

* Disclosure required by the European CSRT. *

* Due to the explicit and sexual content of the services, callers must be over 18 years of age. *

* No correspondence will be entered into and callers should be aware of this notice before accessing numbers. *

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If you like Big Tits I'm your girl

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DIRTY SLUT WILL EMPTY YOUR BAG

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SPUNK IT OVER MY BIG TITS

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F**K MY PUSSY

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LESBIAN COLLEGE GIRL TAKES 10" DILDO

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OLDER WOMAN (40" TITS) TAKES YOUNG COCK

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Farmgirl takes it up both ends

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2 WHITE GIRLS 19YRS OLD

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WE WANT YOU BETWEEN US I'LL F**K SHE'LL SUCK
001 809 4961 368

Stark Ravers!!

Part 2

You can't keep a good wife down. Not unless you offer to buy her a nice new motor. Just in case you missed the last lot, here's some more of your fave wives to keep you going until next month. And remember, we want to see even more of you lot on these pages, so if you reckon your wife or partner is up to the challenge, then **turn to page 54 for details of how to get yourselves in print!**



Eve, Switzerland





Debbie, Lancs





Natasha, Denmark





Maria, Worcs



DEAR DELILAH

Got a spunky secret to share with other readers? Then send a hot, sticky letter to me, Delilah, and tell me all about it. I'm 36 years old and 36DD cup. I've been around and I'm unshockable. At least I think I am. Why not try me? I can't promise not to answer back, though. Think of me as your own personal sex therapist and get those letters - and yourself - coming. Send your horny reads to: Dear Delilah, Ravers, Galaxy Publications Ltd., PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.



Dear Delilah,

My wife Cheryl and I have been married for 23 years, and over the last six or seven, our sex life had really gone off. *(Tried changing your underwear?)* She never seemed to be in the mood and I'd given up asking. When I wanted sexual relief, I'd wait till she was out, then wank off while looking at pictures of lovely naked ladies in my favourite sexy magazines. *(If you laminate the pages, you'll find the spunk splashes will wipe off easily).*

I would probably have gone on living like this till my dying day, if I hadn't come back early one afternoon and found Cheryl lying sprawled

across our double bed fast asleep, wearing a most unusual garment which appeared to be a skintight black vinyl mini-dress.

(Put your glasses on, mate, it was the black pudding you forgot to eat at breakfast.) I also noticed some crumpled white lace objects on the floor.

As Cheryl was fast asleep, I picked them up. It was a tiny white apron and a sort of cap affair. I'd never seen any of these before, and neither had I seen the enormous pink vibrator which lay next to her. It appeared to be wet, as if still covered with her juices. Looking at it and speculating on where it had been, I started getting the first throbber I'd had in a

long while. I put my hand on her shoulder and gave her a shake, but all she said was, "Mmm," and rolled over with a blissful smile on her face. I thought it

best to leave her alone. *(Who are you kidding, Harry? You stuck that throbber in her, didn't you?)* When she finally came downstairs dressed in ordinary clothes, I tackled

her and asked what she'd been up to. She confessed that she'd seen the clothes in one of my magazines, and had sent off for them because they fulfilled a fantasy of hers and she wanted to see what she looked like in a maid's outfit. When she put them on, they made her feel so horny that she had to send off for a vibrator. Since then, she'd been dressing up



at regular intervals and wanking herself silly.

"What a waste that you should be doing it all on your own," I said. That weekend, I suggested she wore the outfit for me. She said that it would be even better if I carried her fantasy further by pretending to be a Frenchman and calling her Fifi. I was to be her employer who caught her masturbating in his bedroom, and decided that her 'punishment' was to be a demonstration of what good sex should be like. Her skimpy outfit clung to her big breasts and arse, making them look really sexy. The little white



hard cock sticking out of my trousers. **(Small stallion!)** 'Fifi' got down and began sucking on my twitching dick, leaving scarlet lipstick marks in circles round it. I plunged my hand down her cleavage, took a handful of tit and squeezed it. She purred and told me I was naughty – in French.

By now I was so full of spunk I was near to bursting. Hauling 'Fifi' to her feet, I flung her face down onto the bed. Her dress rode up, revealing her hairy bush. The little minx wasn't wearing any knickers. The sight inflamed me so much that I dispensed with foreplay.

Heaving her hips into the air, I penetrated her immediately and found her cunt soaking wet and

ready.

She wiggled her arse against my balls and soon had me spurting and filling her womb with *la creme de la creme*. **(No, I don't know what the French for 'spunk' is either, Harry.)** Then I turned her over and spread her pussy lips and got my face down there and sucked all my hot sperm from her dripping crack.

She orgasmed every time my tongue touched her clitty. We went on like this for hours and now our sex life is rejuvenated. We're planning to go to France for our holidays so we can add a few more kinky French scenarios to our repertoire; we've also enrolled in French classes! **HARRY, LEEDS.**

Ooh, la la! I hope you've learned some naughty French words for all the parts of the anatomy and all the sexual practices, Harry, because they won't teach you those at night school. All I know is soixante-neuf! What I'd like to know now is, what's her fantasy? Would she like you to dress as Louis XIV, or the Marquis de Sade, or even Gerard Depardieu? You might

as well go the whole hog...I mean, le cochon entier. I love dressing-up games. I had a boyfriend once whom I used to dress up in tight white britches, shiny leather boots, frilly shirt and a cloak. He was the Lord of the Manor and I was a milkmaid in a long frilly dress and he had to rip my dress off me and take me. Ooh, I get randy just remembering it!



Dear Delilah

I wonder how many other men are nipple freaks like I am? I don't care how big or small the breast is, it's the nipples that turn me on.

At the firm where I used to work, there was this girl called Alison whose chest was totally flat apart from two permanently stiff nipples, which were always poking pertly through her clothes. Just looking at them was enough to make me hard, and I frequently used to fantasise about what they would be like to suck and brush the tip of my cock against. I was always having to pop off for a secret wank, dreaming of Alison's teats. Well, one day my dream came true. It was Janet



pinny bobbed around her waist, and the bodice of her dress was open so that I could almost see her nipples. What a horny sight! To think that this vision of sexual delight was my own wife!

I played my role magnificently, twirling imaginary moustaches and rolling my 'r's' in my best 'Allo, 'Allo voice. I told 'Fifi' off, and ordered her down on her knees to give me a blow-job. Seeing my wife got up in this exotic gear and consenting to sexual acts which she hadn't performed for years gave me a hell of a boner. I was rampant as a stallion, with a good eight inches of





inch long: like mini erections. "Oh Ali!" I said. "Let me suck your nipples." I got my lips round one and started sucking and tugging and felt her hand go to my dick. The cold water had softened it, but the feel of her hand was making it grow again. She got my knob in her hand and started rubbing it into

the secretary's 35th birthday and she decided we should all go for a sauna in this new mixed place that had opened down our road. There were seven of us and we had the place to ourselves. As we got undressed, I could scarcely control myself knowing that soon I'd see Alison's gorgeous buds in real life.

"Oh look, Ollie's got a hard-on!" screamed Sue from Accounts. They all turned to look, while I wrapped my rigid dick in the fluffy white towel provided by the management. "You! Get under that cold shower!" said Alison, giving me a push. I felt those nipples scrape against my back and nearly lost all my spunk straight away.

I grabbed Alison's arm and pulled her under the shower with me. That's when I really got to see those nipples for the first time. They were magnificent. Her breasts were no bigger than poached eggs but, as Alison is half Indian, her skin is quite dark and her nipples were a dusky brown. The area around them was smooth, shiny and almost black, and her nipples were at least an

her dense black bush and against her clitoris. She started to quiver and I knew she was making herself come while using my cock as a dildo. Her squeezes and gyrations got my spunk pump going and I soon shot white streams all into her bush, which the shower promptly washed away.

Her eyes were all shiny and dazed with sex, and when I withdrew my mouth from her nipple, the area around it had swelled and



made her breasts seem twice as big. I never did end up fucking Alison, but I often have a wank thinking about her nipples. I'm telling this story to reassure ladies with small boobs that size doesn't matter, so long as you've got big, sexy nipples.

OLIVER, EALING, WEST LONDON.

Wait a



mo, Ollie - you're still being size-ist, you know. You're saying the nipples have to be big! That's like me saying it doesn't matter if you've got a tiddly tadger so long as you've got balls like oranges. We all have our personal preferences - I'm not telling you what mine are! Lots of men wouldn't agree with you about nipples, especially if they're into tit fucks.

Dear Delilah,

You don't often get women writing to sex magazines, but when I found out they were getting a girl to (wo)man the Letters



pages, I thought I'd pen a letter on a subject I've never seen before in a magazine:

weird willies I have known!

My ex-husband had a very long willy but it bent over to the left and was a bit like a banana. Then there was Mushroom Man! He was circumcised and his prick looked exactly like a mushroom, with a big knob balanced on top of a much thinner stalk. There was one with a pink shaft and a vivid purple glans - it looked like a glowing torch - and another guy had a cock just like those rude postcards you get in Greece with the nude green man on, where his cock's



very long and bends in towards the navel.

DORA, BARNESLEY.

Well, love, I hope the last feller's willy wasn't green as well! I've known some strange ones too, in my time. There was one with yards and yards of foreskin and in repose, it just looked a bit like the face of a bloodhound. But when he got hard, it was amazing how that foreskin inflated to enclose the biggest cock I've ever seen. It was really difficult getting it in, because its foreskin wrapping made it all squidgy and fleshy and it nearly split my difference, as my very rude mum would say. The opposite extreme in my Weird Willies album was a guy with a prick just like my little finger - same size, same colour. And that was when he was erect! Poor bloke, did he have problems. Lucky he had a talented tongue. Oh, I almost forgot Two-Tone Terry with his piebald prick! One side of his prick, half his scrote and one bollock were darkish beige, and the other half pale pink. It was the only multi-coloured screw I've ever had!

Dear Delilah

My girlfriend Liz and I have been living together for six years and we've always had a fantastic sex life. However, there was one thing we'd never done and that was have a threesome. We just didn't know how to go about getting someone else involved.

Fortunately, we were both in agreement about wanting another girl to join us, as Liz said she'd always wanted to know what a woman's cunt tasted like. *(You mean she'd never tasted her own? Never licked your cock after you'd been shagging her? Not much of a fantastic sex life if you ask me!)* Also, I knew it would really turn me on to see Liz with her face in another girl's pussy. *(I'll lend you Sandy,*

my ginger tom, if you like.)

Our dream came true when we went to a party last Saturday.

The hostess was an old girlfriend of mine, Claire, and she proceeded to get thoroughly ratted. There were two bathrooms in her flat, one off the hall and the other an

and started to play with myself while I watched the two of them.

Liz unfastened Claire's dress and pulled it down to her waist, revealing her beautiful breasts in a black lace bra. I released her tits so they were hanging over her bra, which was acting as a support for them, pushing

them out and offering me her nipples. As I toyed with her nipples, Liz's hand went under Claire's skirt and started stroking her pussy. Claire began groaning and writhing. She spread her thighs apart. Her dress was round her waist and her tiny triangle of black lace panties was soon removed, revealing her glorious, blonde pussy fur. Liz bent her ginger head and I saw her pink tongue begin to flicker on Claire's clitoris. I got behind her

ensuite in the main bedroom. Liz and I had just lain down on the bed for a kiss and a grope as we were feeling randy, when Claire came out of the bathroom, tripped on the edge of the rug and landed on top of us on the bed.

"You're welcome to join us. We were about to have a shag," I said. Claire giggled and I don't think she believed us, but all at once Liz seized her opportunity and started stroking Claire's hair and kissing her. The two girls were soon going at it, tongues down each other's throats, really getting into it. My cock sprang to attention at this horny sight, and I took it out

and spread her arse cheeks and started to lick her crack. Claire's whole fanny was soon slick with our saliva and her juices, and I knew that if Liz didn't get up Claire's cunt soon, I'd be there before her as my cock was throbbing with spunk.

We got Claire lying down on the bed. Liz got into a 69 position with her thighs on either side of Claire's head and her pussy positioned directly over Claire's mouth. Claire opened her lips and I heard the sucking noises as she started investigating Liz's molten crack. At the same time, Liz grasped Claire's ankles and held them while she moved her head up and down between Claire's legs, fucking her cunny with her stiff, pointed tongue.

Claire must have found the right spot on Liz, for both girls began to groan and shudder, and it was obvious that they were giving each other orgasms and didn't need any help from me. So I gave in to my strong desire to come, and wanked myself off all over them, shooting my spunk all over Liz's bum and watching it trickle down onto Claire's face and neck. The three of us have got together several times since then, and we really enjoy our sexy sessions. Sometimes I make love to Claire while Liz watches, and sometimes I fuck Liz while Claire sucks my balls. But I always give the girls plenty of time to please one another.

ROGER, HARWICH.

I bet you do, Roger. Any chance of seeing the home movie?



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R 1/1

Hob Knobs

ASCOT RACECOURSE
NEXT MEETING
26TH 2



Here's Hob Knobs, the series that takes you the reader and one of our sizzling beauties to the playgrounds of the rich and famous. This month we're at posh racecourse Ascot with the sensational Charmaine.

Ascot's famous for attracting top people in top hats. Racegoers turn the occasion into a fashion parade, but we bet the nobs at Ascot have never seen anything like this! We didn't want Charmaine to look out of place at this top venue for the sport of kings, so we made sure she was dressed to the nines. Top hat and tails were the order of the day when she turned up at the gates. We got there early, so there weren't too many rubber-necking snobs to spoil our fun.




As soon as our lensman was ready, Charmaine did her bit and provided us with some great poses. Of course, we weren't going to leave it at that, though, and sorted out somewhere a little more private where our lovely lass could show us the sort of charms that would have caused an eight horse pile up if she'd stripped by the course at Ascot!

Look out for more posh places being hit by the Ravers team in our next exciting issue!



Photographed by John Mason



 Hob
Knobs

Charmaine



Rave On!

and then at Jean. "Please don't tell her, please," I begged then, throwing the cigarette into the fire, I ran up to my room and hid my cigarettes as best I could. I was so overcome with fear that I didn't hear Jean enter the room. She sat on my bed and took me in her arms, "Now then, don't be so silly. Do you think your Auntie Jean would tell on you?" I looked up at her, as she stroked my face and told me to come back downstairs.

Once downstairs, Jean offered me a cigarette. She told me that as far as she was concerned, I was old enough to decide for myself. I thanked her but refused the smoke. Jean looked at me and began to talk, "Of course, I've seen you grow up, I remember you as a newborn, I've even bathed you." I went red, "And don't blush," she continued, "at least I can't claim to have an advantage over you!" I asked her what she meant. "Last night: now you've seen me naked as well," she explained. Jean gradually, and skillfully, steered the conversation to more intimate topics of conversation. I found myself confiding in her. Then she asked me about girlfriends. I blushed and went quiet. Jean let the silence last for a minute or two, then she spoke, "I know this is very personal, but are you a virgin?" I looked at my feet and mumbled a yes. She smiled at me and told me not to be embarrassed. Then she embarrassed me by asking me if I masturbated. I went bright red, looked anywhere but at Jean and

told her that I did. Then she said, "And did you masturbate after seeing me last night?" She smiled at me, and came and sat beside me on the sofa, "Don't worry," she said, "I masturbated as well."

It wasn't long after that that we lay on the bed naked, Jean showing me all the secret places that a woman possessed. She encouraged me to touch her, and she lay me down and wanked me. Her hand had the softest caress. My body trembled as she eased her hands along the length of my

erection, then she took me into her mouth, her tongue performing an erotic dance on my penis, her hands stroking and caressing my body. I gasped and groaned as I shot off into her mouth. Jean took a tissue and cleaned me up, "Now it's my turn," she said. Lying down, she parted her legs and instructed me in the art of cunnilingus. She told me exactly what to do. Soon I was tonguing her clitoris, "Yes, there, well done, good boy," she encouraged. My instruction continued until, with a violence that shocked me, Jean's body shuddered and she

let out a yell. For the first time in my life, I had witnessed a female orgasm.

Jean lay me down and lowered herself onto my cock. I was overcome with how moist and warm and firm it was; the fleshy feel of her cunt surrounding my cock was like nothing I had ever experienced before. Slowly, she rose up and down - this was it, I was losing my virginity.

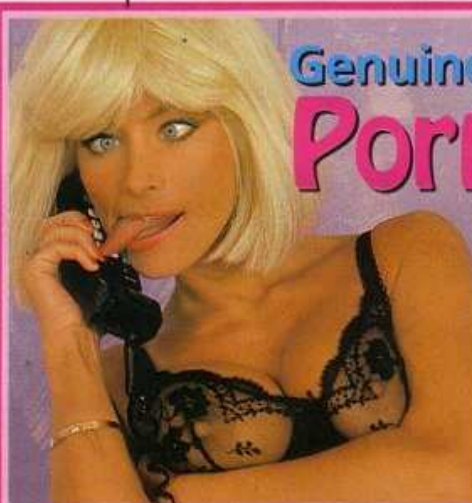
It wasn't long before I came. I was just too excited. Jean kissed me and we lay in each other's arms. Never had I imagined that my Auntie Jean was sexually active, and never would I have thought that she would be the one to take my virginity. Jean spotted that my cock was again showing signs of life. She administered oral aid and then pulled me on top of her. She helped me position my penis, and then with a thrust I was back inside her. Once again Jean was the teacher, "Not so

fast, gently. Now try to keep up a nice slow rhythm, mmmm, that's it." I did as she asked, "Mmm, now that's it, you're good. Now just try to rise up more as you



thrust, mmmm, yes, mmmmm, oh my god, now, harder, come on, thrust harder, fuck me! Come on, ooohhhhhh, yes, yes, yes!" Jean screamed as she orgasmed, then she wrapped her legs around me and

CONTINUED
ON PAGE
98



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Tail Ends

Meet Bendy Wendy, the supplest girl in Scunthorpe. When we heard she was game for a shoot, and would do rude things with herself, we were off up the motorway like a knob up a mini skirt. There aren't many girls who'll fit into our Tail Ends section, but this is one of 'em. Well, we figured that since this was the arse end of the mag, we ought to finish on an arse ourselves! But don't worry, we'll be back next month with even more cheeky charmers than you can shake a trouser snake at. In the meantime, if you have any naughty tales to tell us, or just want to call us names, why not drop us a line? You'll find our address on page four. **See you next month for another rude read!**



Wendy





Wendy
Tail
Ends



tightened her cunt walls. I came immediately. We lay for a while, Jean letting me play with her nipples, finally we had to get dressed, "Come to my room tonight," she said as she left my room.

I waited until my mother had been in bed half an hour then silently made my way to Jean's room. I went in and undressed. Jean pulled back the sheets and I got into bed with her. We kissed and cuddled for a while then we

started in earnest. I licked her moist pussy and received a blow-job, then Jean told me to stand at the foot of the bed. Puzzled, I obeyed. She came towards me then turned round, kneeling with her delicious, middle-aged arse towards me. "Now then, Mike," she whispered, "fuck me in this position." I manhandled my cock to her entrance then pushed it home. Jean pushed back onto me, "Hold onto my hips and thrust into me," she ordered. I was in

heaven; as I pushed forward Jean pushed back. I could see my cock pumping away as I held her hips. "Now," panted Jean, "I want you to fondle my breasts." I did as she asked, and with every thrust I could feel my energy surging through her body. "Fuck me, Mike, go on, harder. As hard as you can." Jean was breathing deeply. I did as she asked. Jean let out a stifled yelp, I shot my come and we collapsed onto the bed

The remaining 10 days of her visit were filled with sex, in every position imaginable. Jean was obviously instructing me for every eventuality, we even had it off in the back of her car! If only her subject was taught at college: though I suppose you could say I did get my O levels.

All that happened 14 years ago. I still see Jean and the sex is just as good.

I even lived with her for six months. I have had other women, many other women, but Jean is my favourite. I'm trying to persuade her to let me send you some photographs of her, she really is a cracker and I'm sure that many men out there would love the chance to ogle this senior citizen of lust as they exercised their wrists!

Mike, Cumbria.

Anna of Poland
MORE WIVES ON PAGE 66



In Next Month's Pant-Wettingly Good Issue



Ravers Guide To Flashing
Sarah shows her snatch at an Essex shopping centre

The Bang Gang
Our filthy Gang Bangers get their tits out and smear their cracks with cream!

Up The Workers!
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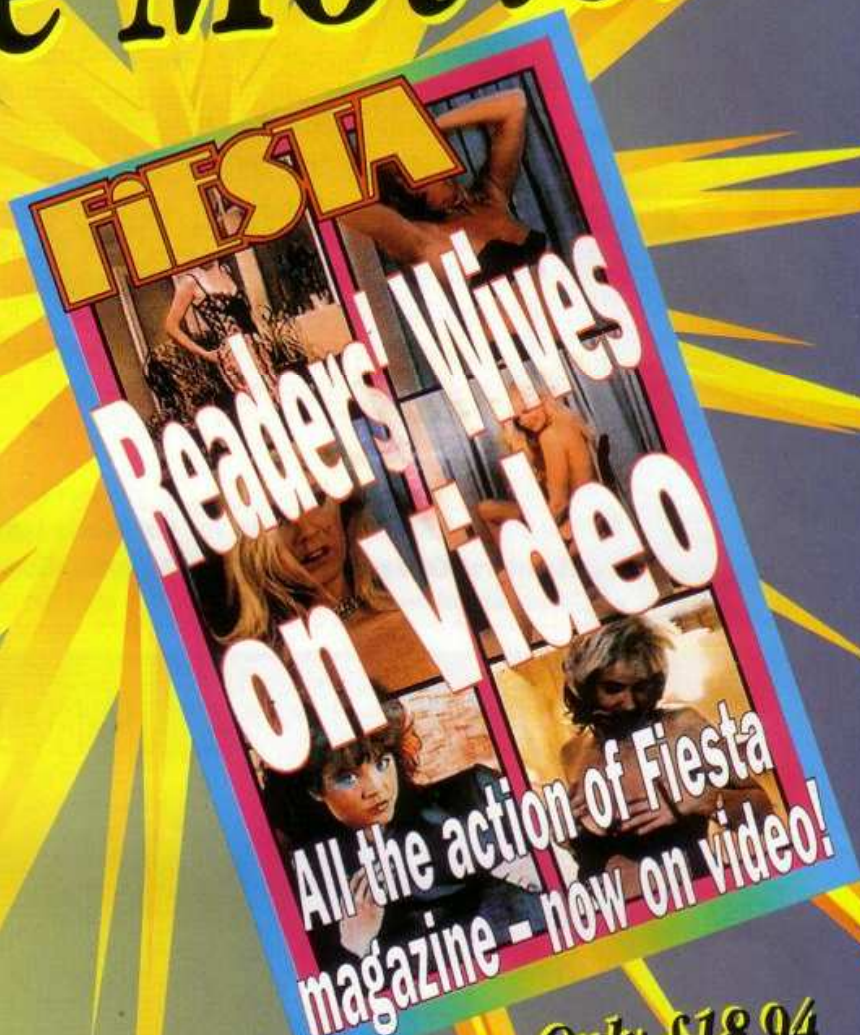
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